# SONGS

## FOR THE LVTE VIOL and Voice:

Compoſed by I. Danyel,
*Batchelar in Muſicke.*

1606.

To M^ris *Anne Grene.*

LONDON
Printed by T. E. for Thomas Adams,
At the ſigne of the white Lyon,
in Paules Church-yard.

# To Mrs Anne Grene

## the worthy Daughter to

## Sr *William Grene* of Milton

Knight.

THat which was onely priuately compos'd,
For your delight, Faire Ornament of Worth,
Is here, come, to bee publikely diſclos'd:
And to an vniuerſall view put forth.
Which hauing beene but yours and mine before,
(Or but of few beſides) is made hereby
To bee the worlds: and yours and mine no more.
So that in this ſort giuing it to you,
I giue it from you, and therein doe wrong,
To make that, which in priuate was your due:
Thus to the world in common to belong.
And thereby may debaſe the eſtimate,
Of what perhaps did beare ſome price before:
For oft we ſee how things of ſlender rate,
Being vndiuulg'd, are choiſely held in ſtore:
And rarer compoſitions once expos'd,
Are (as vnworthy of the world) condemn'd:
For what, but by their hauing beene diſclos'd
To all, hath made all miſteries contemn'd.
And therefore why had it not beene ynow,
That Milton onely heard our melodie?
Where *Baucis* and *Philæmon* onely ſhow,
To Gods and men their hoſpitalitie:
And thereunto a ioyfull eare afford,
In midſt of their well welcom'd company:
Where wee (as Birds doe to themſelues record)
Might entertaine our priuate harmonie.
But fearing leaſt that time might haue beguild
You of your owne, and me of what was mine,
I did deſire to haue it knowne my Child:
And for his right, to others I reſigne.
Though I might haue beene warn'd by him, who is
Both neare and deare to mee, that what we giue
Vnto theſe times, we giue t'vnthankfulneſſe,
And ſo without vnconſtant cenſures, liue.
But yet theſe humours will no warning take,
Wee ſtill muſt blame the fortune that wee make.
And yet herein wee doe aduenture now,
But Ayre for Ayre, no danger can accrew,
They are but our refuſalls wee beſtow,
And wee thus caſt the old t'haue roome for new:
Which I muſt ſtill addreſſe t'your learned hand,
Who mee and all I am, ſhall ſtill command.

*Iohn Danyel.*

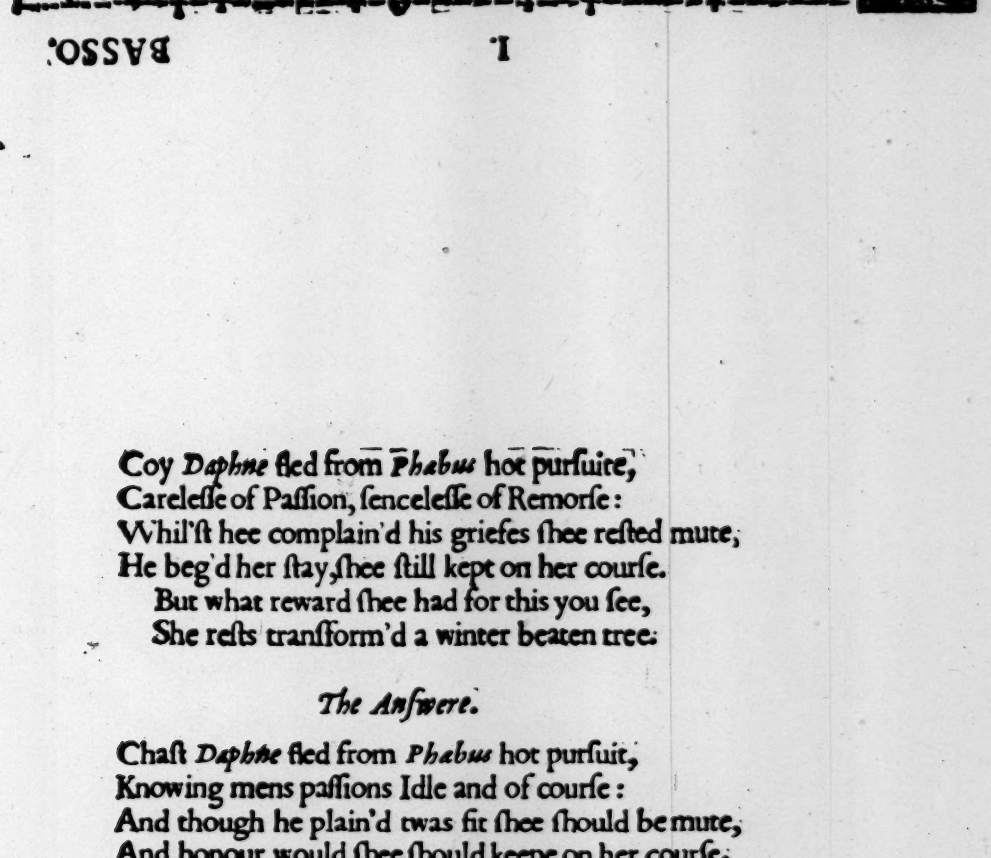
Oy *Daphne* fled from *Phœbus* hot pur- ſuite, Careleſſe of

Paſ- ſion, fence- leſſe of Remorſe: Whil'ſt he com- plain'd his griefes, ſhee reſted

mute, He beg'd her ſtay, She ſtill kept on her courſe, But what re- ward ſhe had for this

you ſee, Shee reſts tranſ- form'd, a win- ter beaten tree. She reſts transform'd,

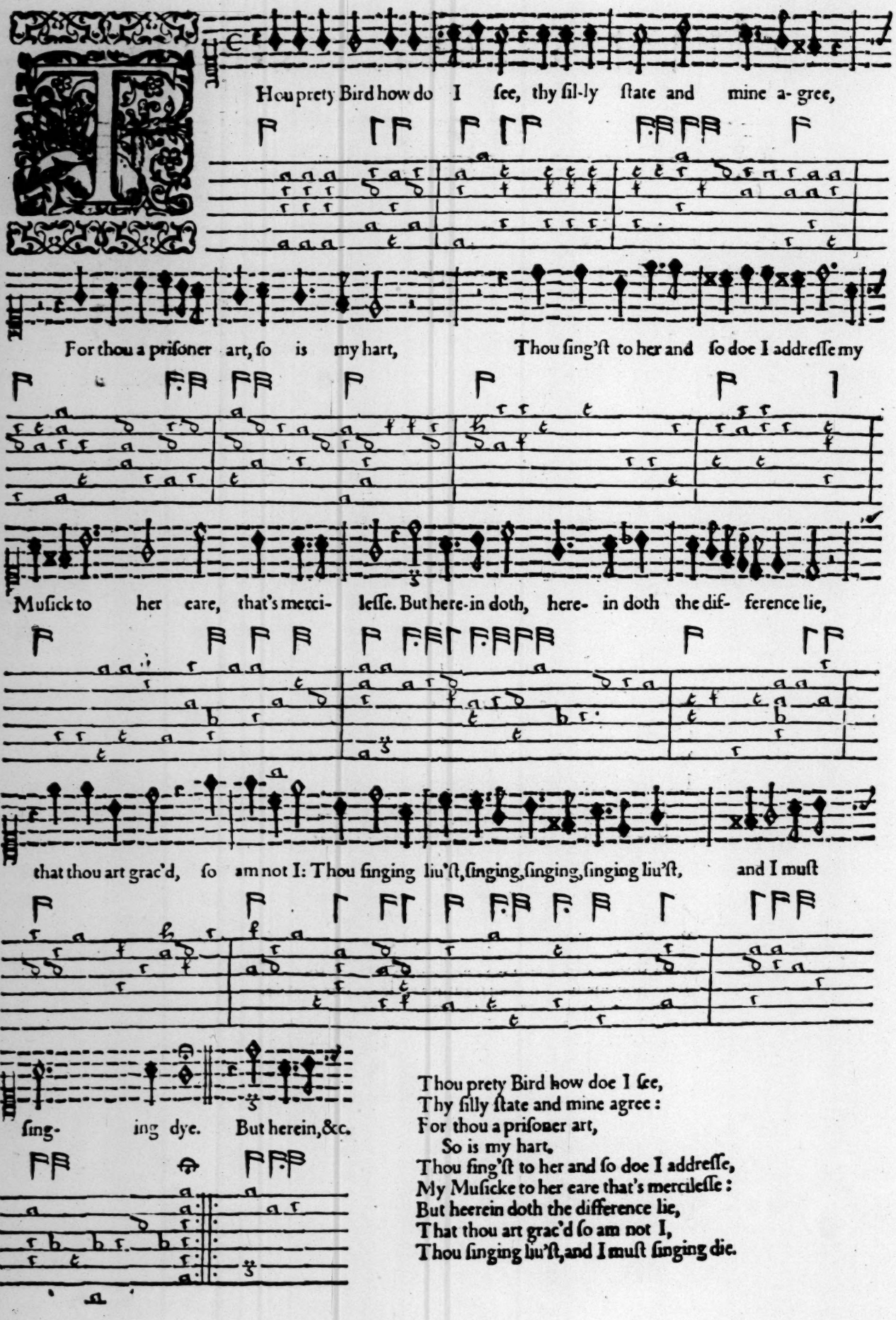
ij. Shee reſts tranſ- form'd a winter bea- ten tree.



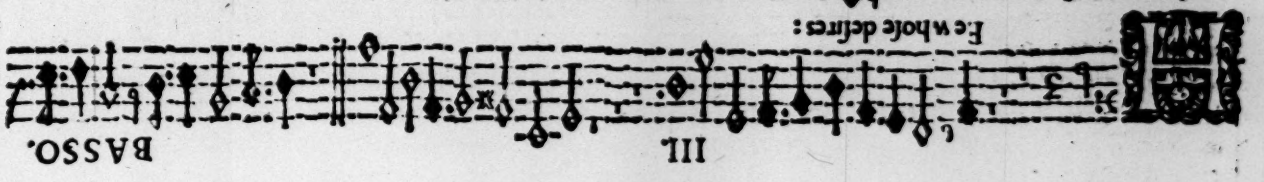

Coy *Daphne* fled from *Phœbus* hot purſuite,
Careleſſe of Paſſion, ſenceleſſe of Remorſe:
Whil'ſt hee complain'd his griefes ſhee reſted mute,
He beg'd her ſtay, ſhee ſtill kept on her courſe.
But what reward ſhee had for this you ſee,
She reſts tranſform'd a winter beaten tree.

*The Anſwere.*

Chaſt *Daphne* fled from *Phœbus* hot purſuit,
Knowing mens paſſions Idle and of courſe:
And though he plain'd twas fit ſhee ſhould be mute,
And honour would ſhee ſhould keepe on her courſe.
For which faire deede her Glory ſtill wee ſee,
Shee reſts ſtill *Greene*, and ſo wiſh I to bee.




Thou prety Bird how doe I see,
Thy silly state and mine agree:
For thou a prisoner art,
So is my hart,
Thou sing'st to her and so doe I addresse,
My Musicke to her eare that's merciless:
But heerein doth the difference lie,
That thou art grac'd so am not I,
Thou singing liu'st, and I must singing die.







E whoſe de- ſires are ſtill are ſtill a- broad I ſee,
And therefore now come back come back my hart to mee,

hath neuer a- ny peace at home the while.
it is but for ſu- perfluous things we toyle.

Reſt a- lone, reſt a- lone
Honor wealth, honor wealth

with thy ſelfe be all with- in,
glo- ry fame are no ſuch things,

For what with- out thou get'ſt, thou doſt not win.
But that which from I- ma- gi- nati- on ſprings

High reaching powre that ſeemes to o- uer grow, doth creepe but

on the earth, lies baſe and low.

He whoſe deſires are ſtill abroad I ſee,
Hath neuer any peace at home the while:
And therefore now come back my hart to mee,
It is but for ſuperfluous things we toile.
Reſt alone with thy ſelfe be all within,
For what without thou get'ſt thou doſt not win.
Honour, wealth, glory, fame, are no ſuch things,
But that which from Imagination ſprings.
High reaching power that ſeemes to ouer grow,
Doth creepe but on the earth, lies baſe and low.

Like as the Lute delights, delights, or elſe, or

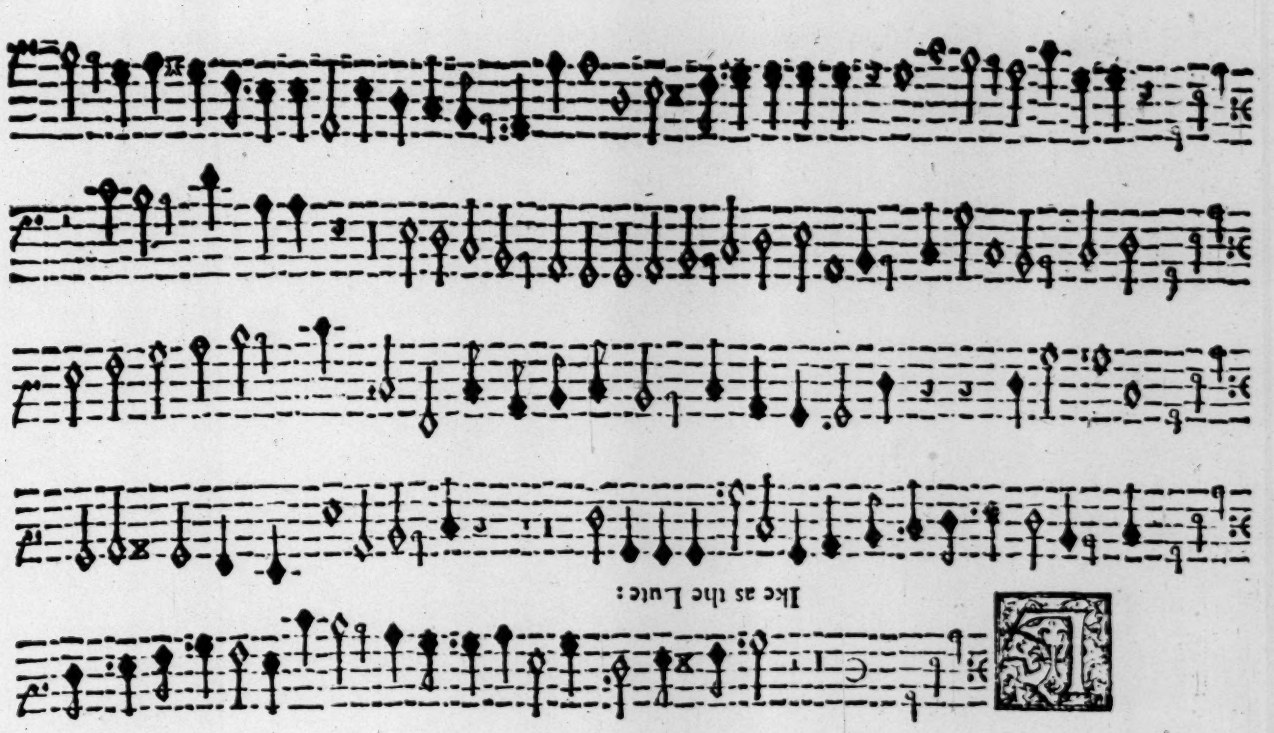
elſe diſ- likes, as is his art that plaies vpon the ſame: So ſounds my Muſe,

ij. it ſounds according as ſhe ſtrikes, On my hart ſtrings high tun'd, high

tun'd vn- to her fame. Her touch doth cauſe the war- ble of the ſound, which

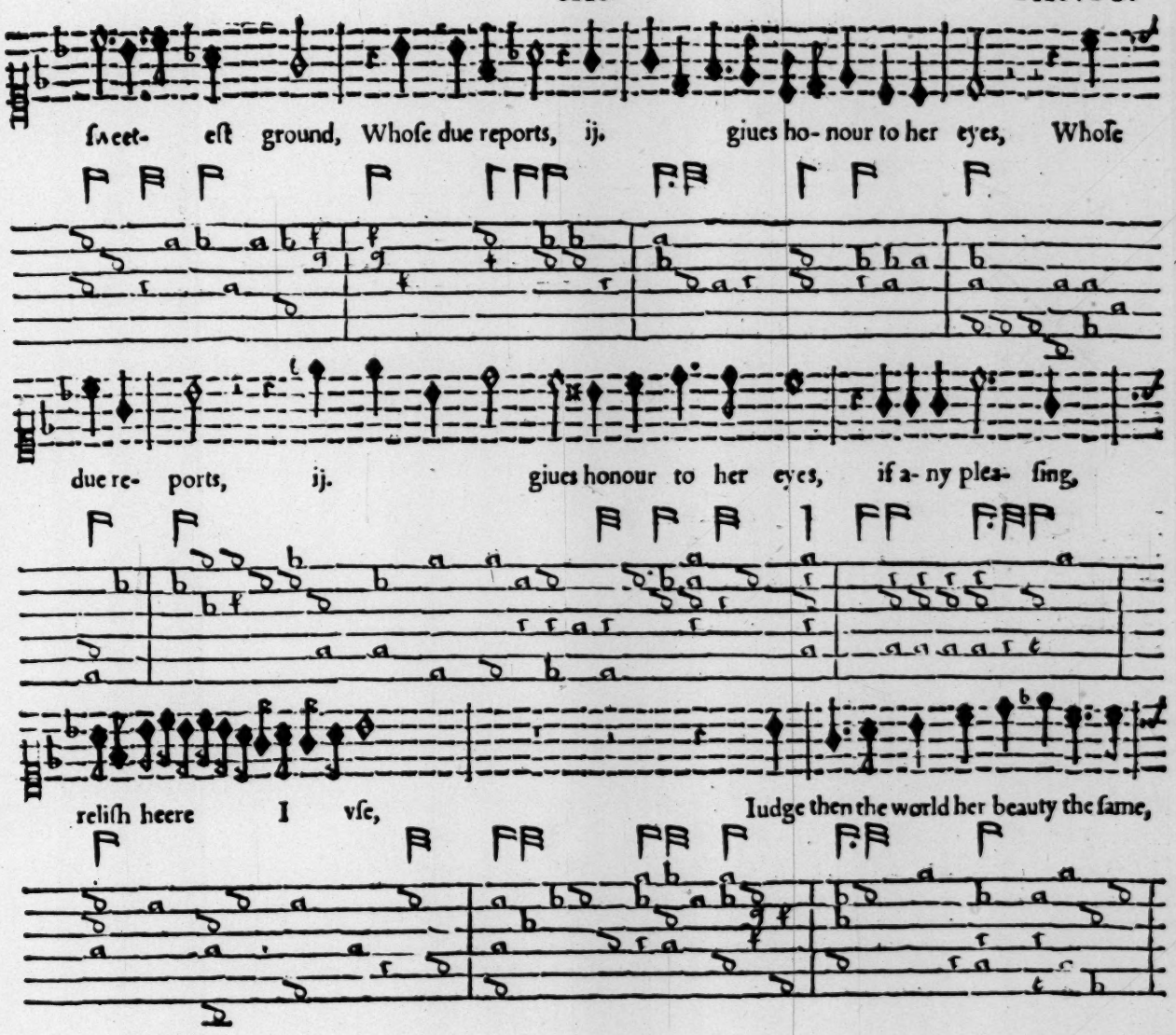
heere I yeeld in lamentable wiſe: ij. in lamentable wiſe: la- men-

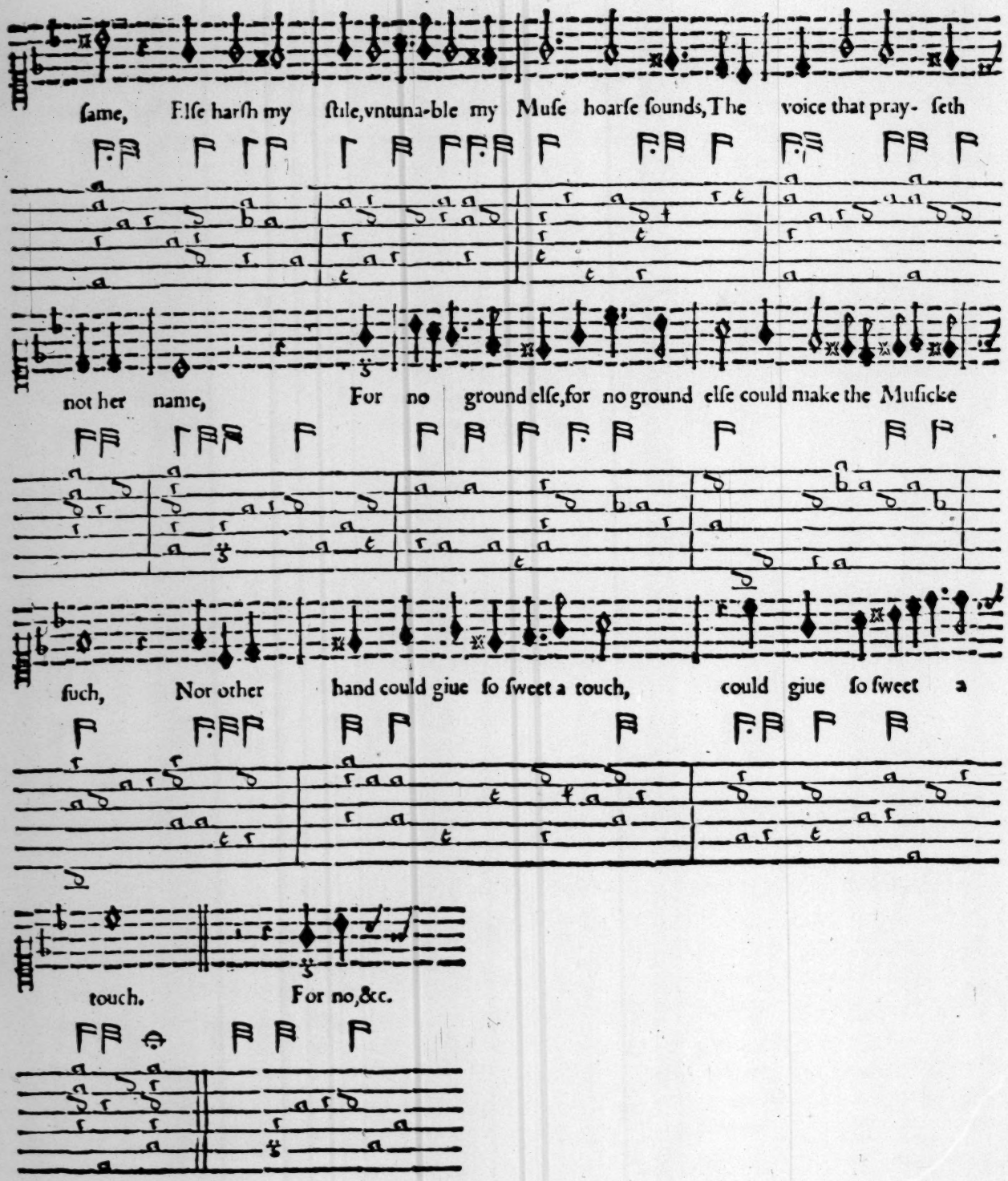
ta- ble wiſe: A way- ling deſcant ij. on the

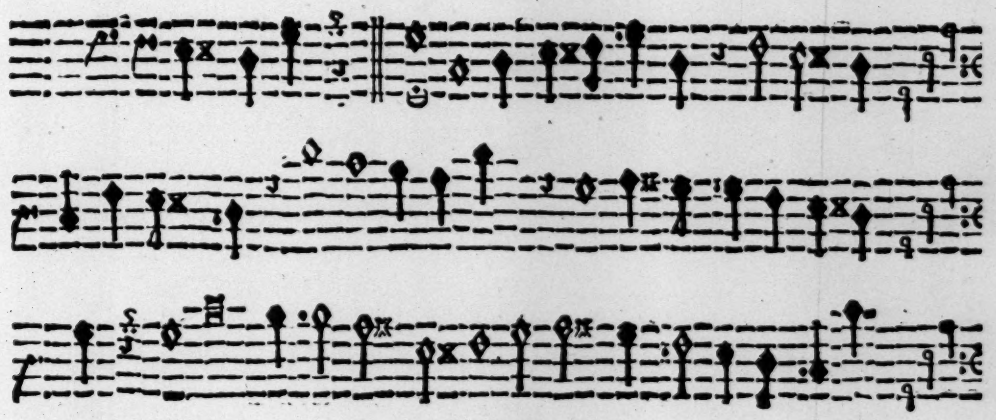



BASSO. IIII.

IIII. CANTO.



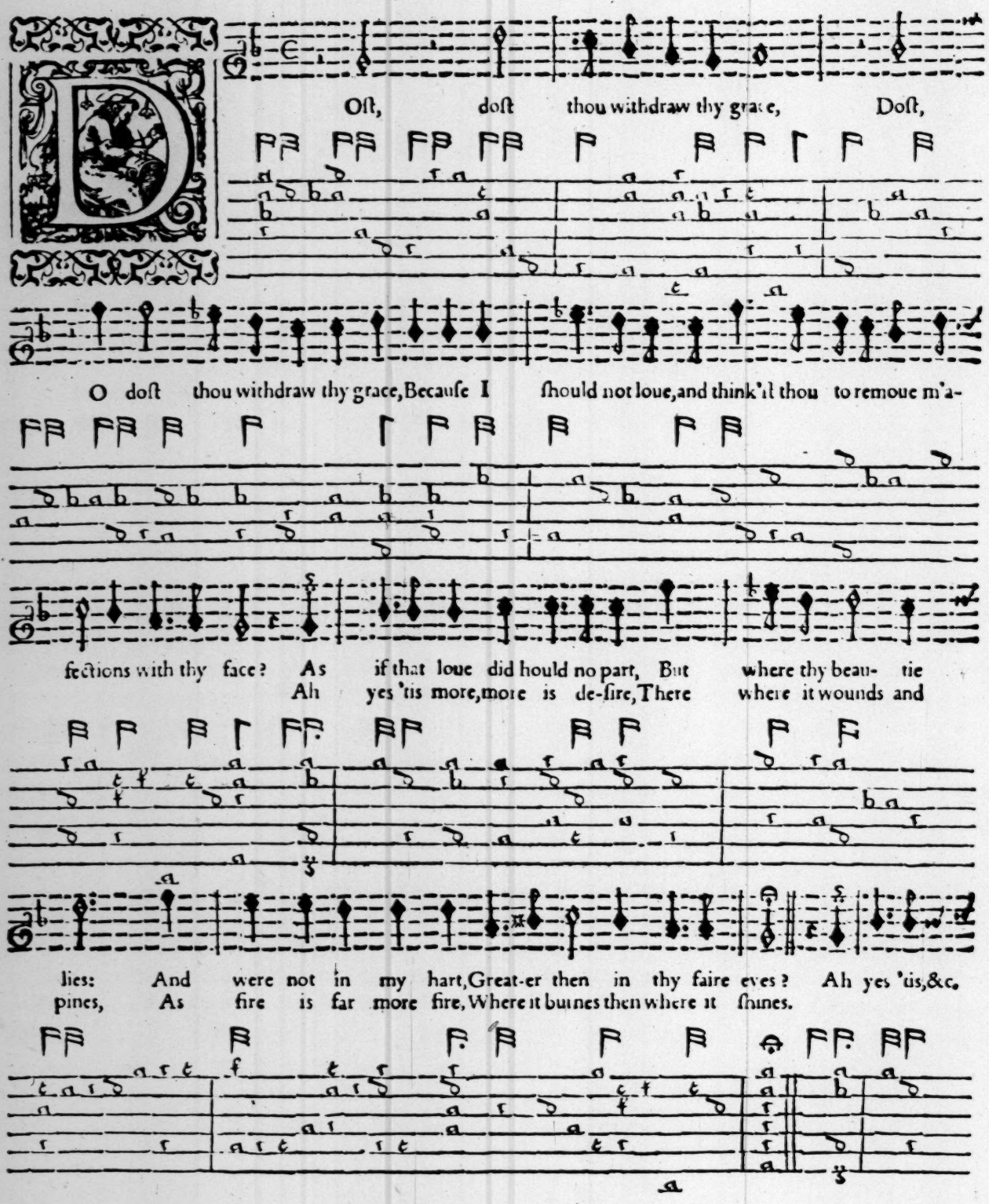

ſame, Elſe harſh my ſtile, vntuna-ble my Muſe hoarſe ſounds, The voice that pray- ſeth
not her name, For no ground elſe, for no ground elſe could make the Muſicke
ſuch, Nor other hand could giue ſo ſweet a touch, could giue ſo ſweet a
touch. For no, &c.




Like as the Lute delights or elſe diſlikes,
As is his art that playes vpon the ſame:
So ſounds my Muſe according as ſhee ſtrikes
On my hart ſtrings,high tun d vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wiſe:
A wayling deſcant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giues honour to her eyes.
If any pleaſing reliſh here I vſe,
Then Iudge the world her beautie giues the ſame:
Elſe harſh my ſtile vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarſe ſounds the voice that praiſeth not her name.
For no ground elſe could make the Muſicke ſuch,
Nor other hand could giue ſo ſweet a touch.

Dost thou withdraw ?

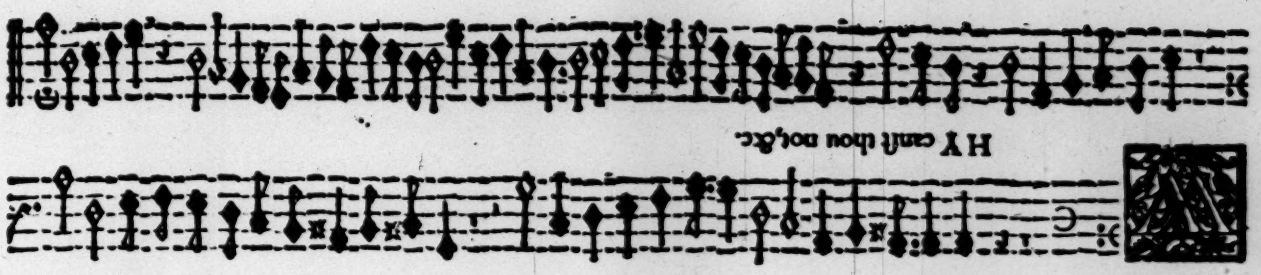





Dost thou withdraw thy grace,
For that I shou'd not loue:
And think'st thou to remoue,
M'affections with thy face?

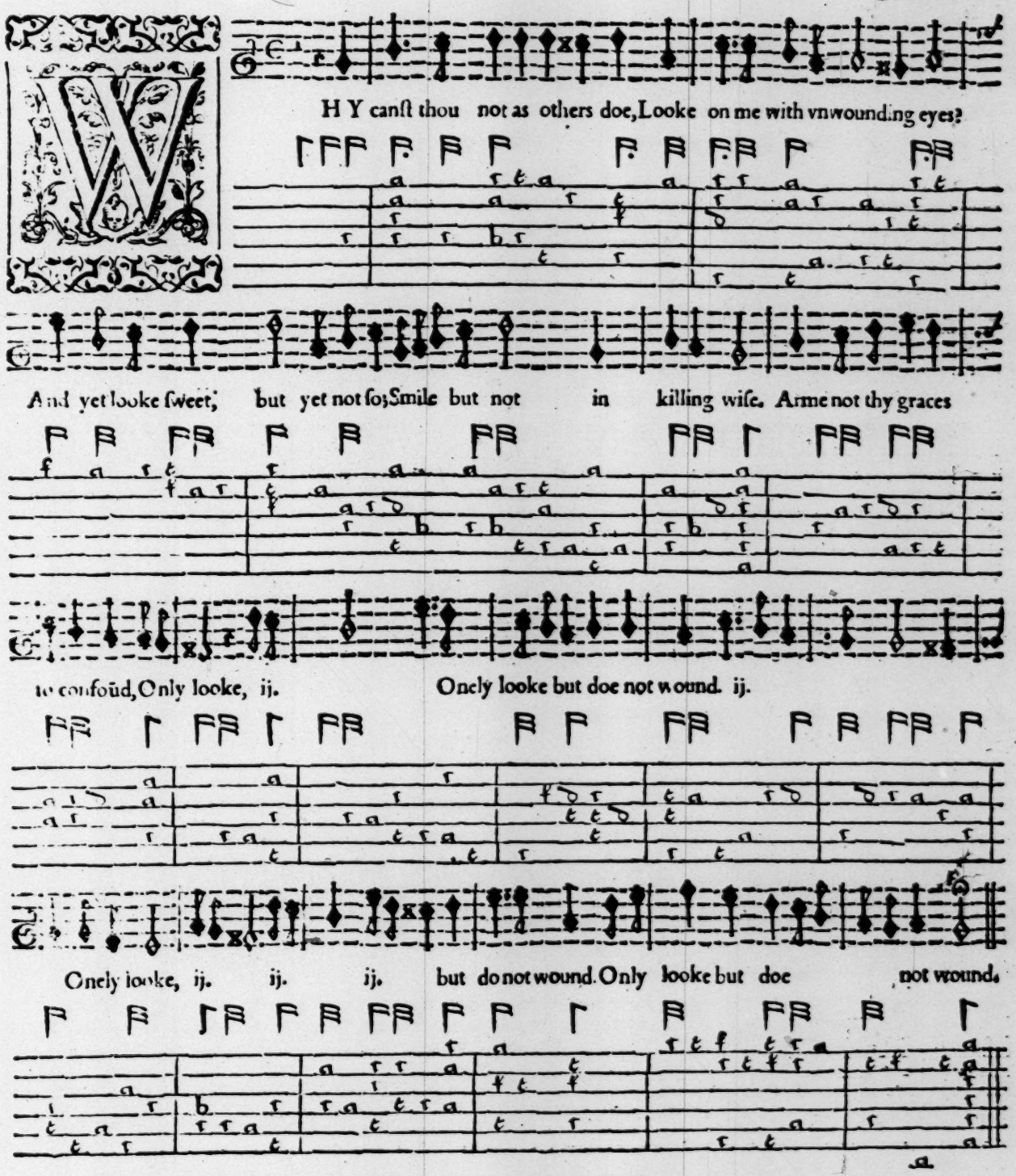
As if that loue did hould no part,
But where thy beautie lies:
And were not in my hart,
Greater then in thy faire eyes?

Ah yes tis more, more is desire,
There where it wounds and pines:
As fire is farre more fire,
Where it burnes then where it shines?








Why canſt thou not as others doe?
Looke on mee with vnwounding eyes:
And yet looke ſweet but yet not ſo,
Smile but not in killing wiſe.
Arme not thy graces to confound,
Onely looke but doe not wound.

Why ſhould mine eyes ſee more in you,
Then they can ſee in all the reſt:
For I can others beauties view,
And not finde my hart oppreſt.
O bee as others are to mee,
Or let mee, bee more to thee.

D.

Tay cruell, ſtay, Pit- tie mine anguiſh, And if I languiſh

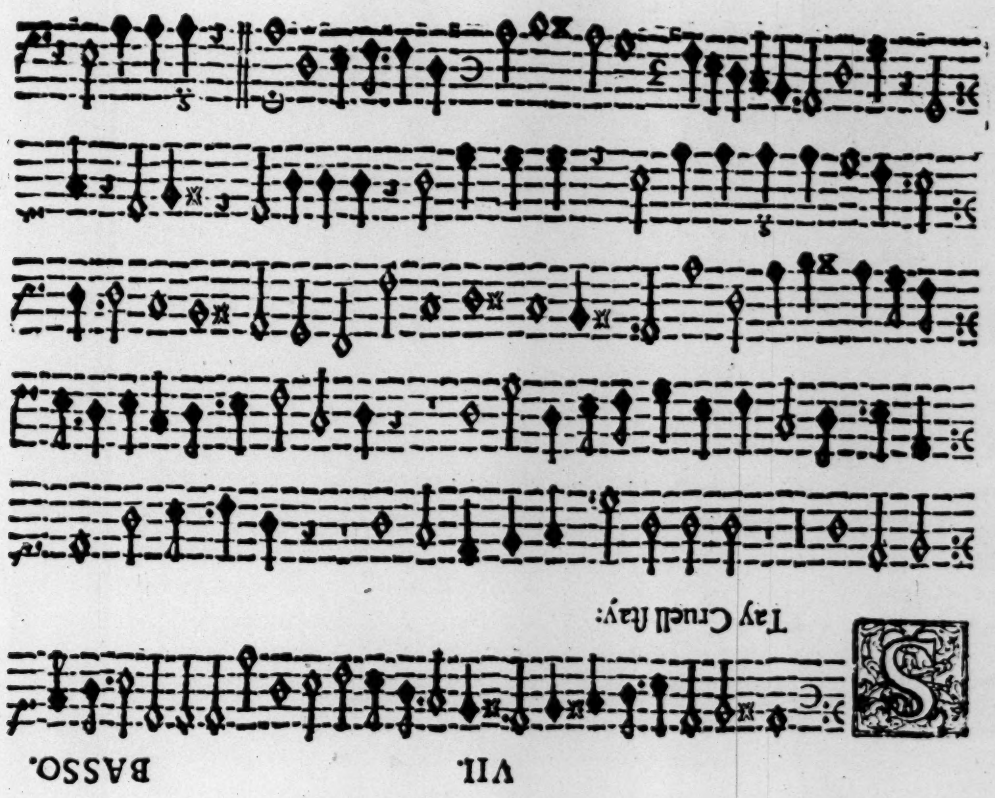
For that which you doe beare a- way, Ah how can you be ſo vn- kinde, As not to grieue for

that you leaue behind, And if you'll goe ij. yet let your pittie ſtay, yet let your pitty

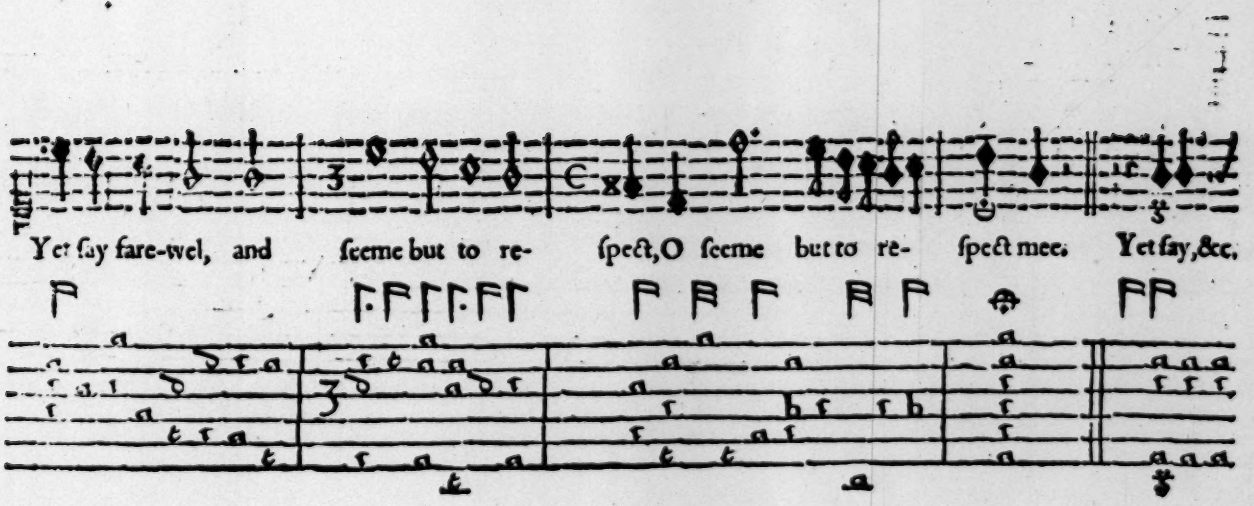
ſtay, and if you will goe, and if you will goe, yet let your pittie ſtay, yet O let your pittie ſtay.

But will you goe? ſay will you? O will you goe and ſhew that you neglect, that

you neg- lect me, Yet ſay farewel, ij. ij. farewel!, ij. ij.




Stay Cruell ſtay,
Pittie myne anguiſh,
And if I languiſh
For that which you do beare away,
Ah,how can you be ſo vnkind,
As not to greeue for that you leaue behind,
And if you'l goe,yet let your pittie ſtay,
But will you goe and ſhew that you neglect mee?
Yet ſay farewell,and ſeeme but to reſpect mee-



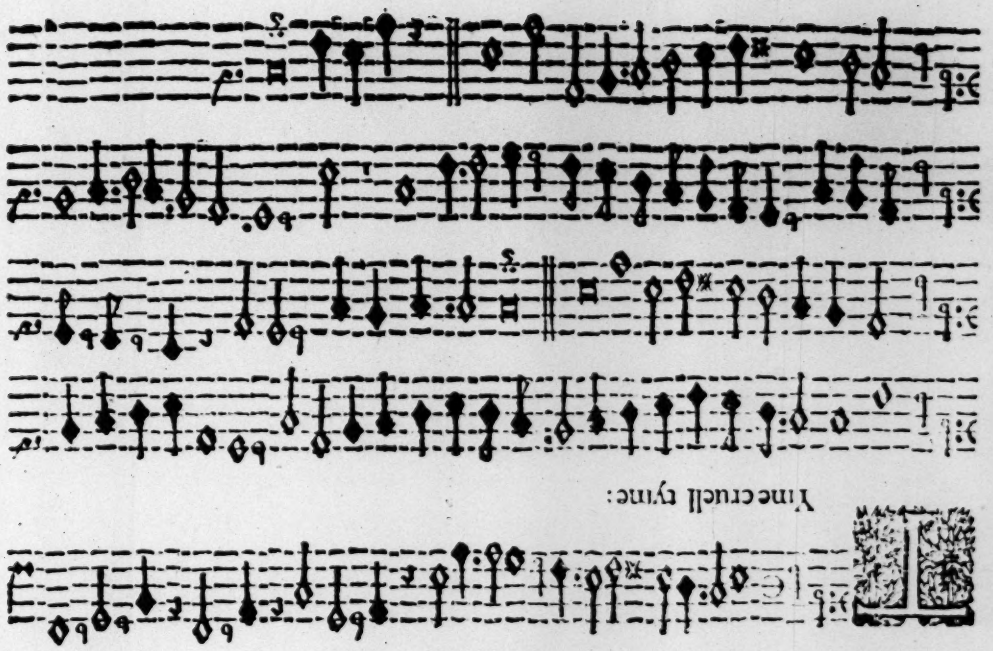
TIme cru- ell Time canſt thou ſub- due that Brow?
Or art thou growne in league with thoſe faire 'eyes?

That conquers all but thee and thee too ſtayes? as if ſhee were ij.
That they might aide thee to con- ſume our dayes, or doſt thou loue ij.

exempt from Scieth or Bow, From Loue and yeeres vn-ſub- iect
her for her cru- el- ties, Being mer- ci- leſſe like thee that

to de- cayes? Then doe ſo ſtill although ſhe makes no
no man wayes? And doe ſo ſtill although ſhe no- thing

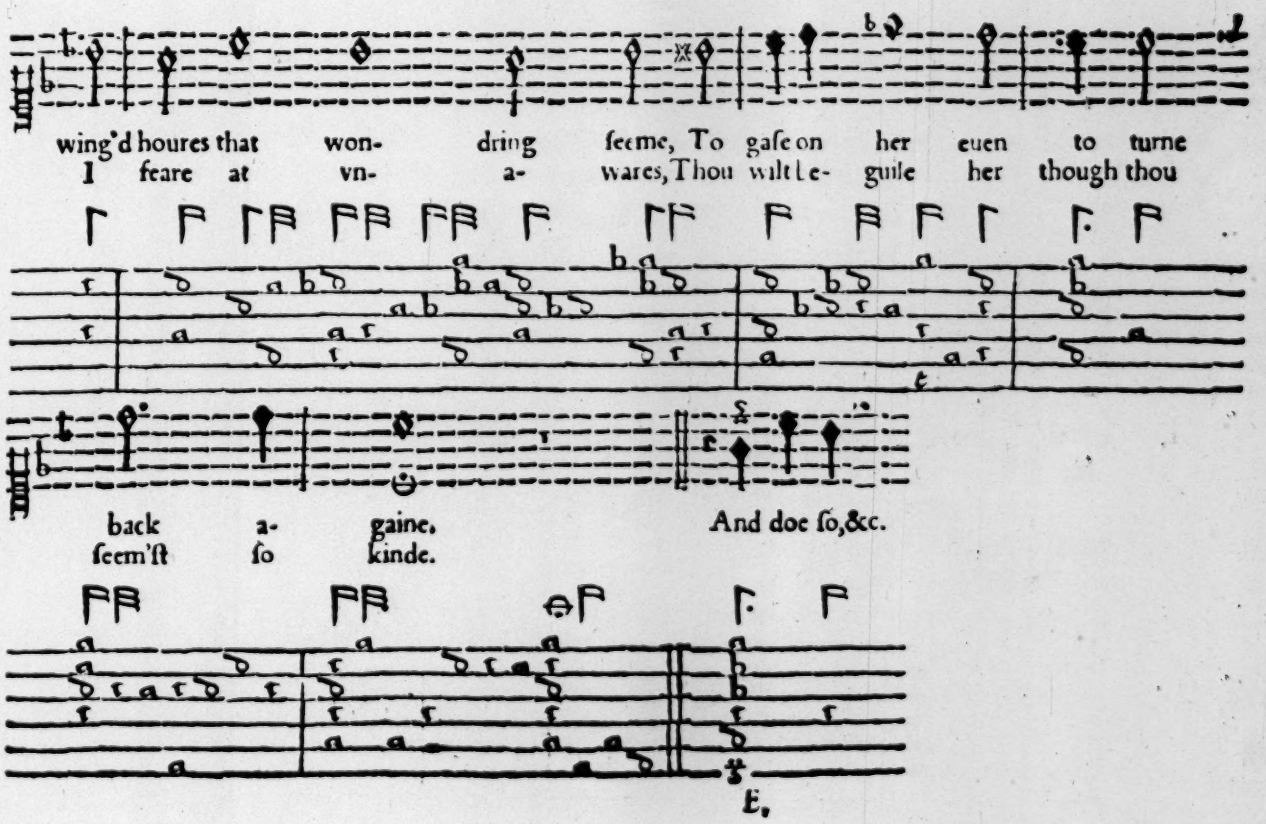
ſteeme, Of dayes nor yeeres but lets them runne in vaine, Hould ſtill thy ſwift
cares, Do as I doe loue her al-though vn- kinde, Hould ſtill yet O




VIII

BASSO.

Tyme cruell tyme canſt thou ſubdue that brow,
That conquers all but thee,and thee too ſtayes:
As if ſhee were exempt from ſcyeth or bow,
From Loue and yeares vnſubiect to decayes.
Or art thou growne in league with thoſe faire eyes,
That they might help thee to conſume our dayes,
Or doſt thou loue her for her cruelties,
Being mercileſſe lyke thee that no man wayes?
Then doe ſo ſtill although ſhee makes no ſteeme,
Of dayes nor yeares,but lets them run in vaine:
Hould ſtill thy ſwift wing'd hours that wondring ſeeme
To gaſe on her,euen to turne back againe.
And doe ſo ſtill although ſhe nothing cares,
Doe as I doe,loue her although vnkinde,
Hould ſtill,yet O I feare at vnawares,
Thou wilt beguile her though thou ſeem'ſt ſo kinde.




E.

Griefe, Griefe,

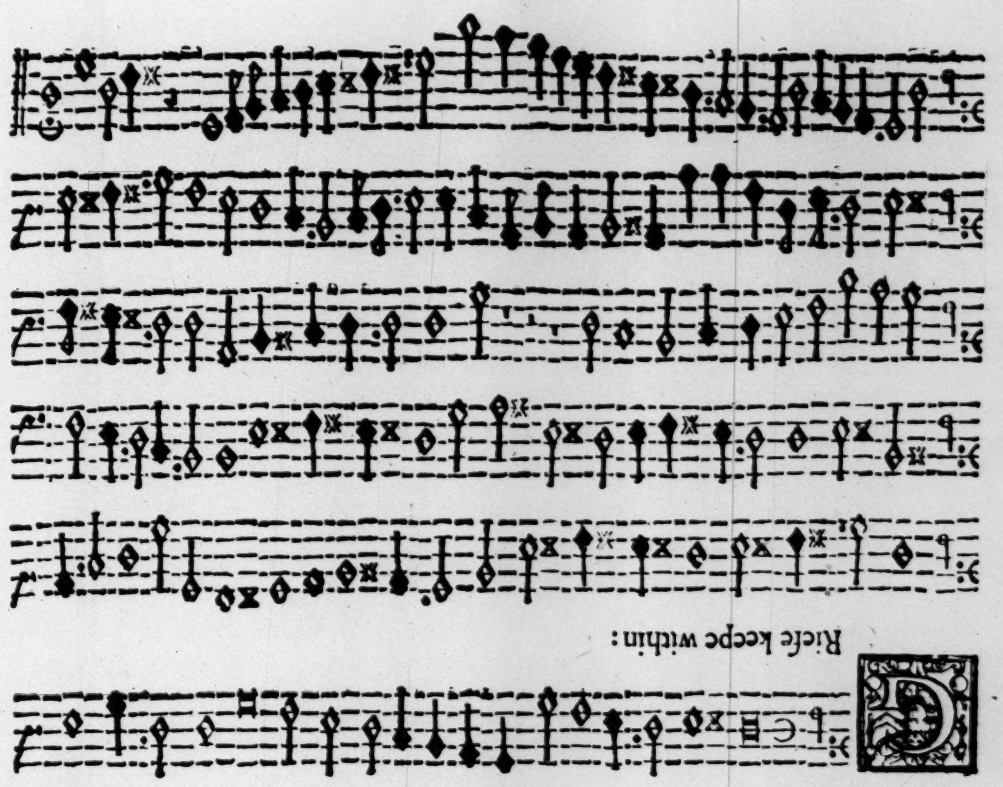
Griefe, Griefe, keepe within and ſcorne, to ſhew but teares,

Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou, Diſdaine to ſigh for ſo can ſlender cares, Which

but from idle cauſes grow, Doe not looke forth vn- leſſe thou didſt know how

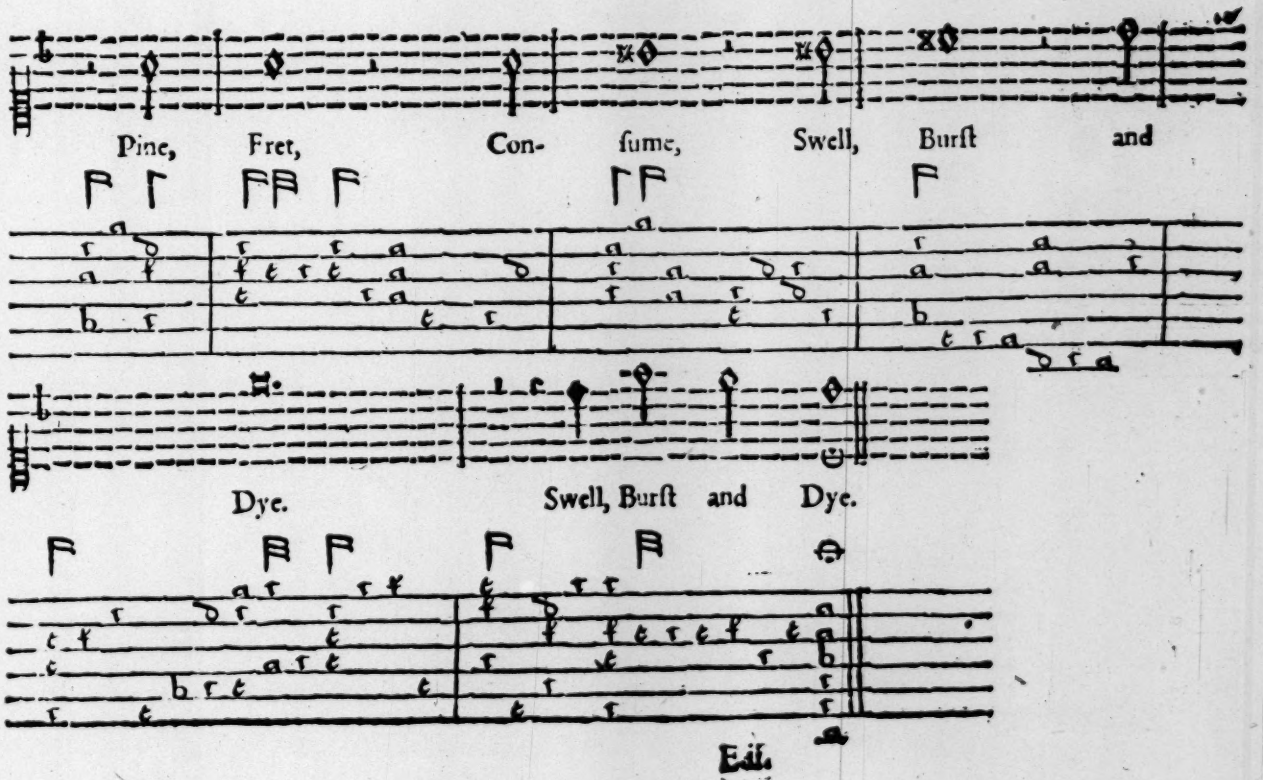
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art, And onely let

my hart, ij. my hart, ij. That knowes the rea- ſon why,




XI. BASSO.

GReefe keep within and ſcorne to ſhew but teares,
Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou:
Diſdaine to ſigh for ſo can ſlender cares,
Which but from Idle cauſes grow.
Doe not looke forth vnleſſe thou didſt know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art,
And onely let my hart,
That knowes more reaſon why,
Pyne, fret, conſume, ſwell, burſt and dye.




Fin.

Rop, ij. ij. drop not, ij. O drop not mine eyes,

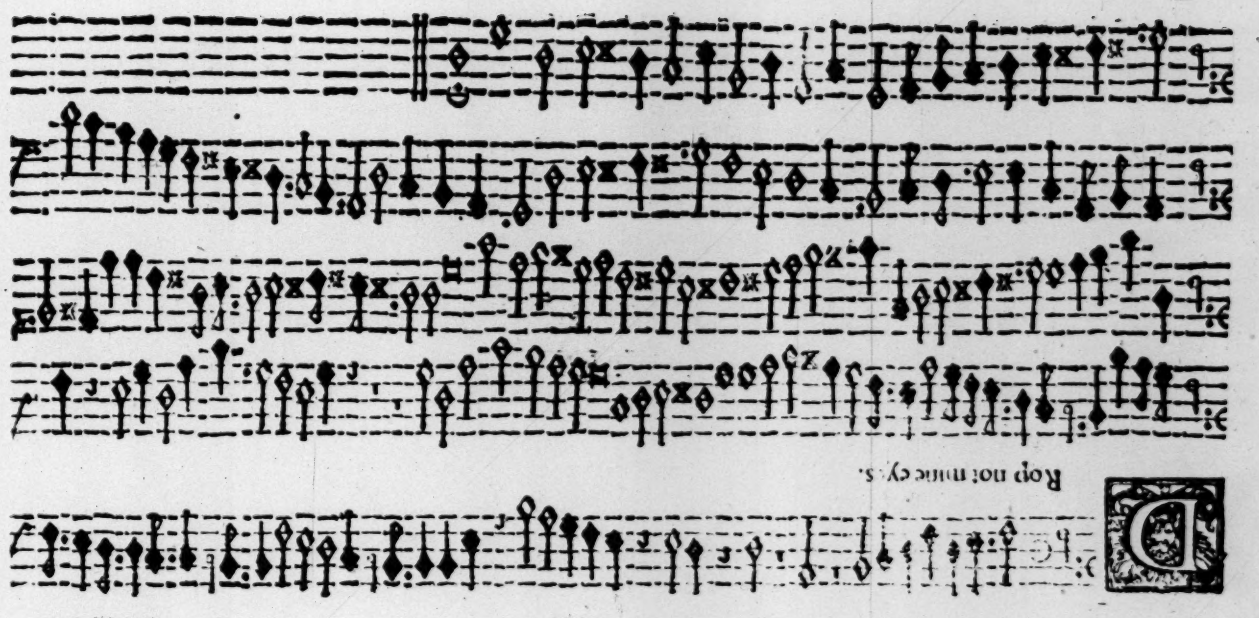
nor trickle, trickle, trickle downe ſo faſt, nor trickle downe ſo faſt, nor

trickle, trickle downe ſo faſt, For ſo you could doe oft be- fore,

In our ſad fare-wels and ſweet meetings paſt, And ſhall his death, ah ſhall

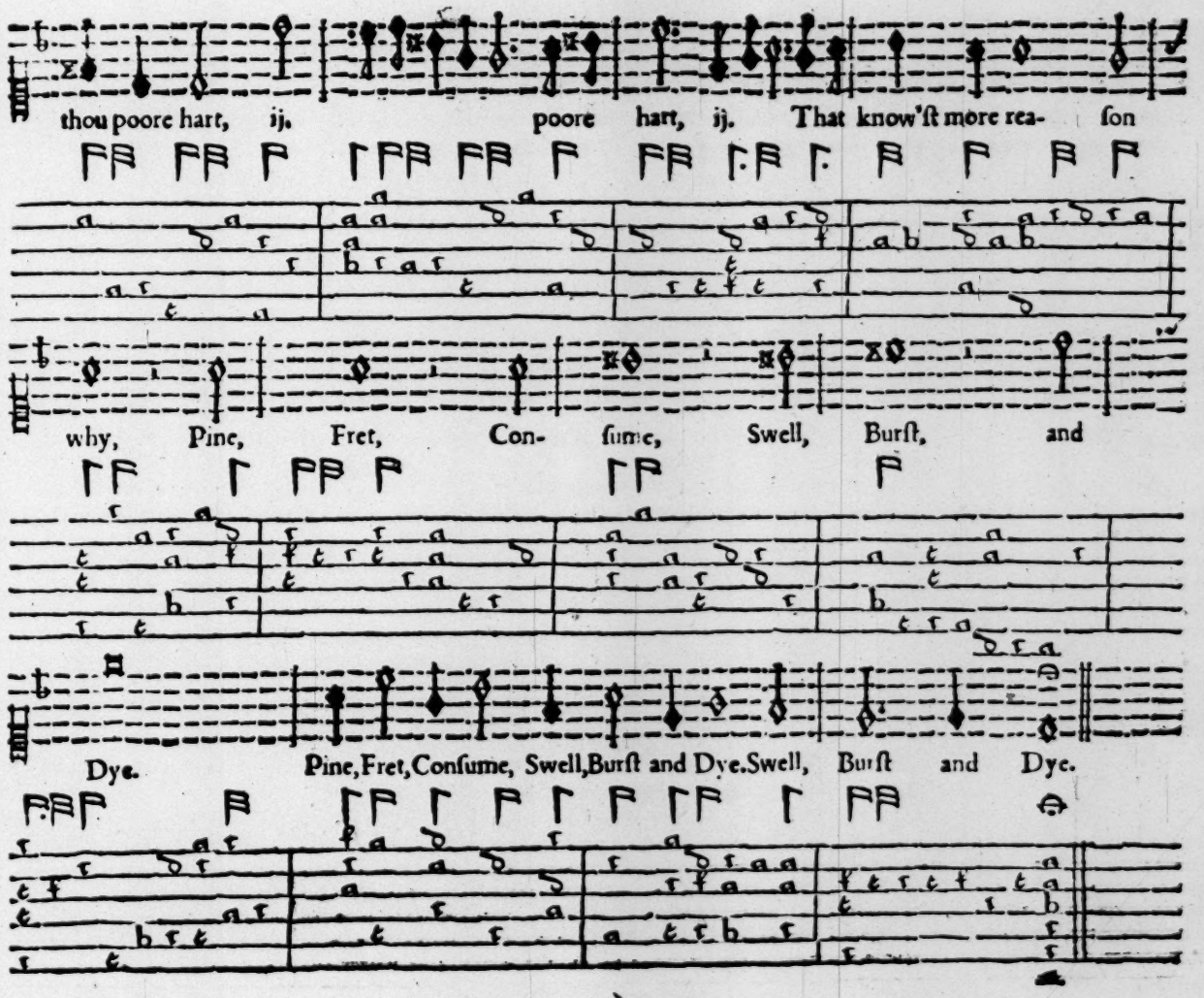
his death now haue no more? Can nig- gard ſor- row yeeld no o- ther

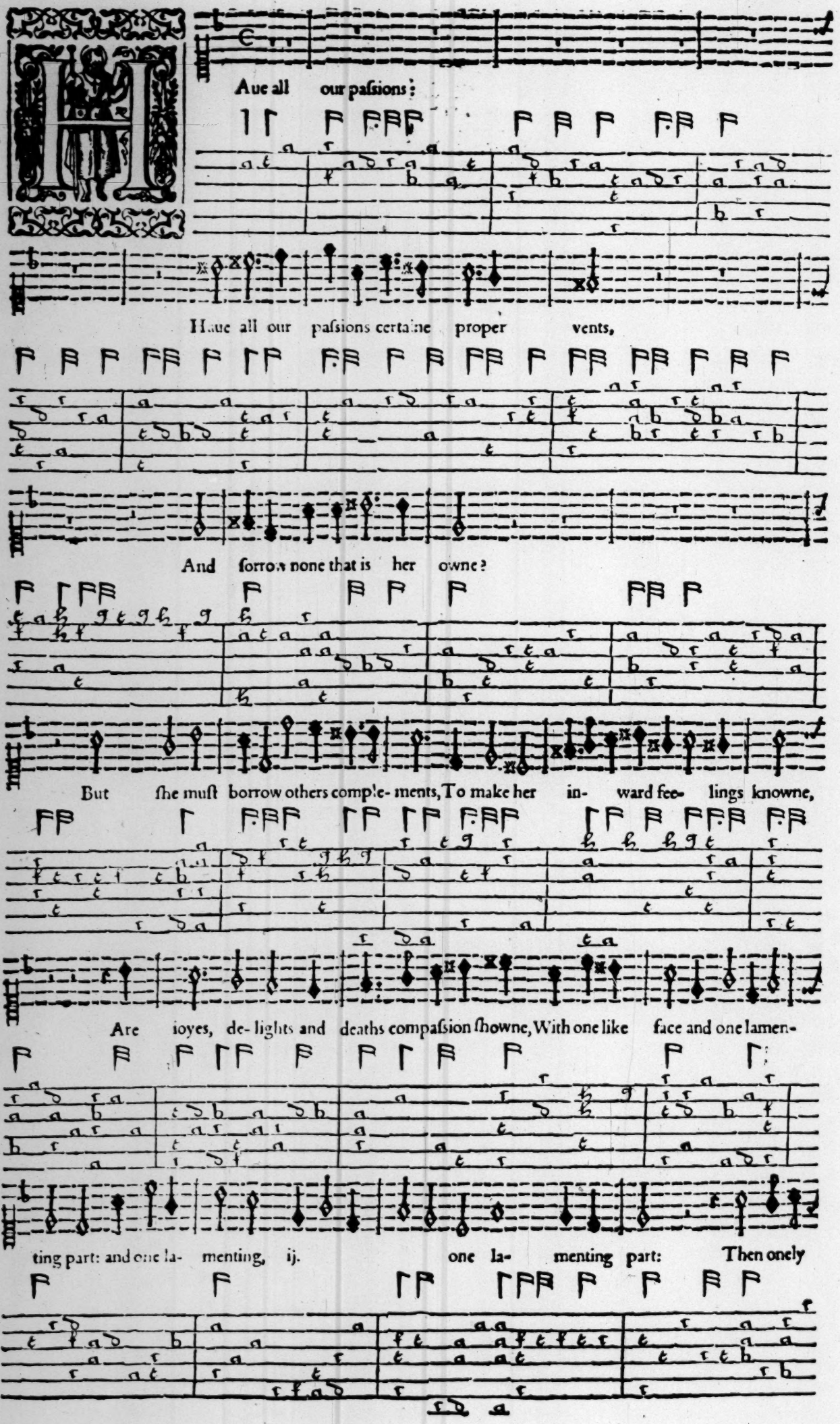
ſtore, To ſhew the plentie of af- flicti- ons ſmart, Then only



Drop not mine eyes.

DRop not myne eyes nor Trickle downe ſo faſt,
For ſo you could doe oft before,
In our ſad farewells and ſweet meetings paſt,
And ſhall his death now haue no more?
Can niggard ſorrow yeld no other ſtore:
To ſhew the plentie of afflictions ſmart,
Then onely thou poore hart,
That knowſt more reaſon why,
Pyne, Fret, Conſume, Swell, Burſt and Dye.




Aue all our paſsions:
Haue all our paſsions certaine proper vents,
And ſorrow none that is her owne?
But ſhe muſt borrow others comple- ments, To make her in- ward fee- lings knowne,
Are ioyes, de- lights and deaths compaſsion ſhowne, With one like face and one lamen-
ting part: and one la- menting, ij. one la- menting part: Then onely

Haue all our paſsions ſhowne:

Haue all our paſsions certaine proper vents,
And ſorow none that is her owne?
But ſhe muſt borow others complements,
To make her inward feelings knowne?

Are Ioyes delights and deathes compaſsion ſhowne,
With one lyke face and one lamenting part?
Then onely thou poore hart that know'ſt more reaſon why,
Pine, Fret, Conſume, Swell, Burſt, and Dye.

thou poore hart, ij. poore hart, ij. that know'ſt more rea-

ſon why, Pine, Fret, Con- ſume, Swell, Burſt and

Dye. Pine, Fret, Con- ſume, Swell, Burſt and

Dye. Pine, Fret, Con- ſume, Swell, Burſt and Dye.

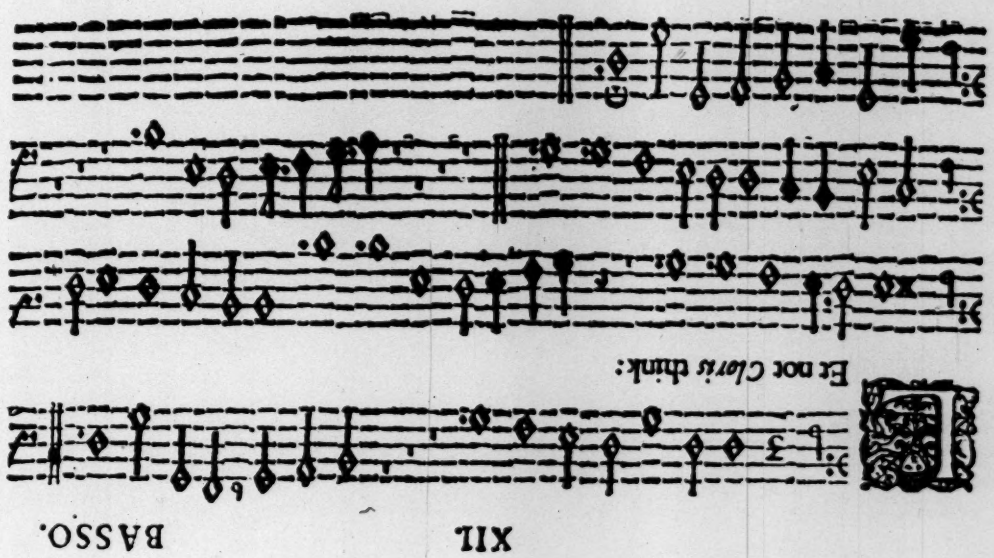
LEt not *Clo- ris* thinke be cauſe ſhe hath in- vaſ- ſaild
I was made to be the pray and boo- ty of her

mee, That her beauty can giue lawes to o-thers that are free: Though others may her
eyes, In my boſome ſhe may ſay her greateſt kingdome lyes. I can de-cerne more

brow a- dore, Yet more muſt I that there-in ſee farre more, Then any
ſe- cret notes, That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes, Then any

others eyes haue powre to ſee, She is to mee, More then to a- ny others ſhe can
elſe be ſides haue art to read, No lookes proceed, From thoſe faire eyes but to me won- der

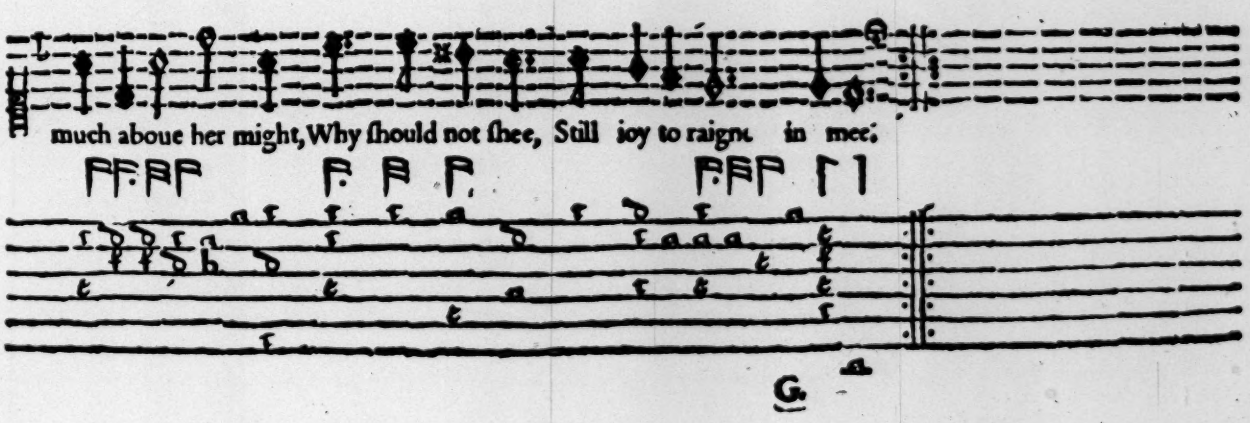
bee. O then why, Should ſhe flye, From him to whom her ſight, Doth ad ſo
breed.




LEt not *Cloris* think becauſe
She hath vnvaſſald mee,
That her bewtie can giue lawes,
To others that are free.
I was made to be the pray,
And bootie of her eyes:
In my boſome ſhe may ſay,
Her greateſt kingdome lyes.

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more muſt I that therein ſee far more,
Then any others eyes haue powre to ſee,
Shee is to mee
More then to any others ſhe can bee.
I can deceme more ſecret notes,
That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes:
Then any elſe beſides haue art to read,
No lookes proceed,
From thoſe fayre eyes but to mee wonder breed.

O then why,
Should ſhee fly,
From him to whom her ſight,
Doth ad ſo much aboue her might:
Why ſhould not ſhee,
Still Ioy to raigne in mee?



An dolefull notes, &c.

Can? can dolefull notes, dolefull notes to

measur'd accents set,

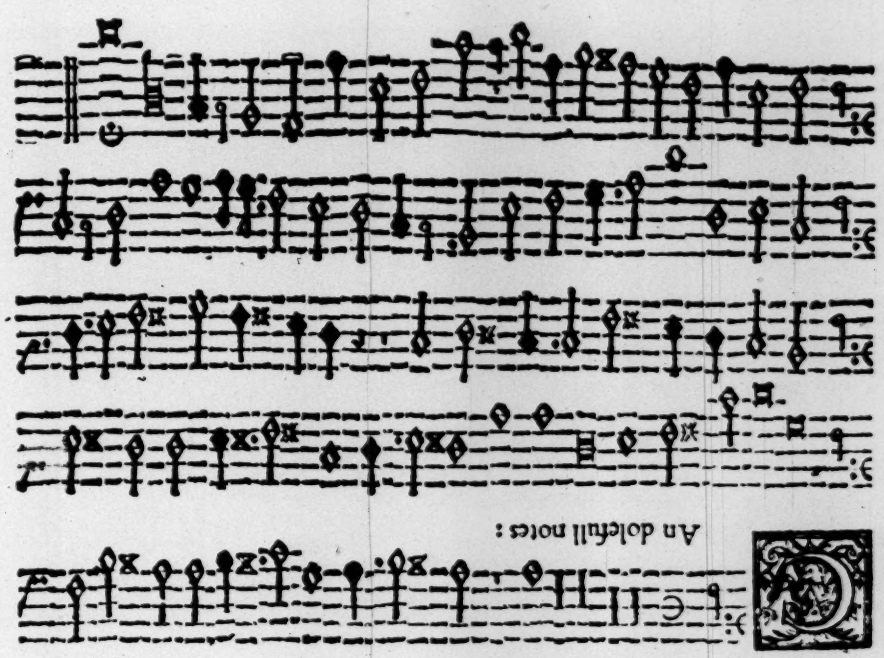
Can? can dolefull

notes, dole-full notes to measur'd accents set, Ex- presse vn-mea- su'rd griefes,

Expresse vn- measur'd, vn- measur'd griefes which time for- get. Ex-

presse vn-mea- sur'd griefes which time for- get.

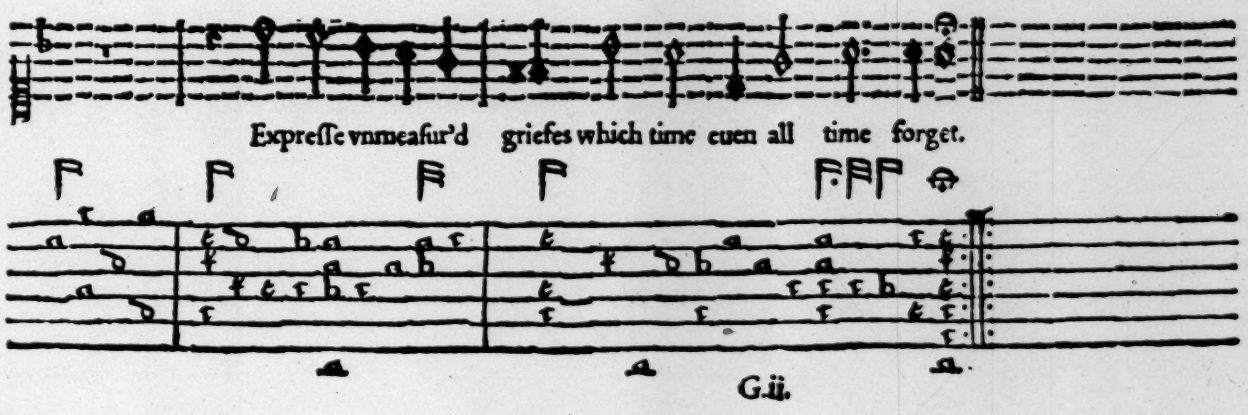
which time, which time forget



An dolefull notes:

XIII. BASSO.

CAn dolefull Notes to meaſur'd accents ſet,
Expreſſe vnmeaſur'd griefes that tyme forget?



O let Chromatique tunes ij.

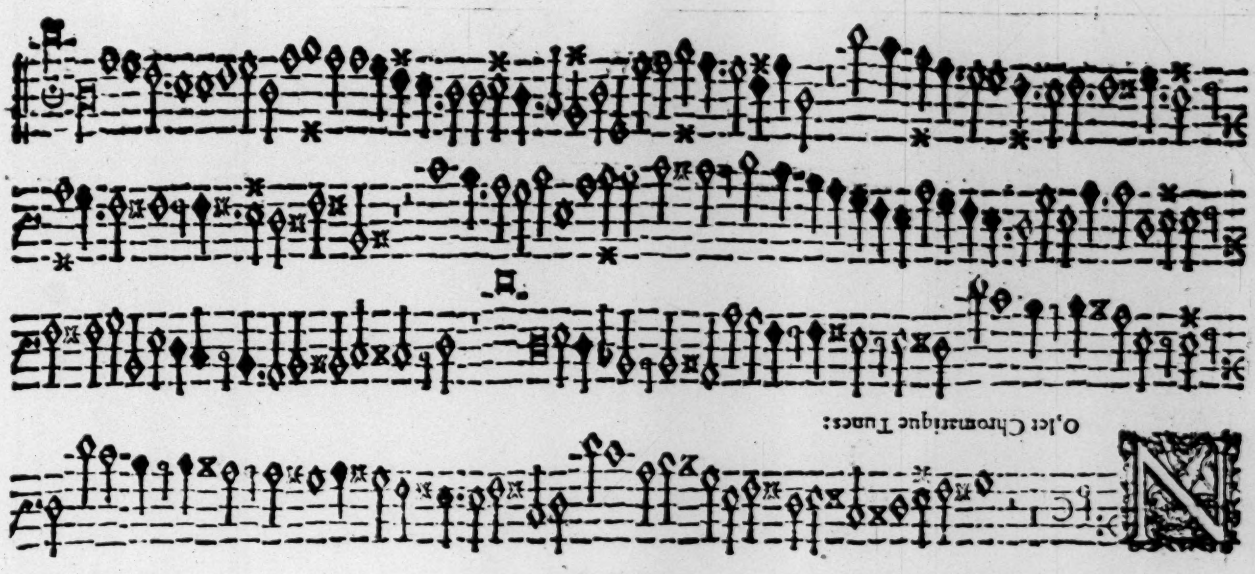
Chro- matique tunes harſh without ground, Bee ſullaine Muſique for a

tuneleſſe hart, Bee ſullaine,&c.

Bee ſullaine.&c. Chro- matique

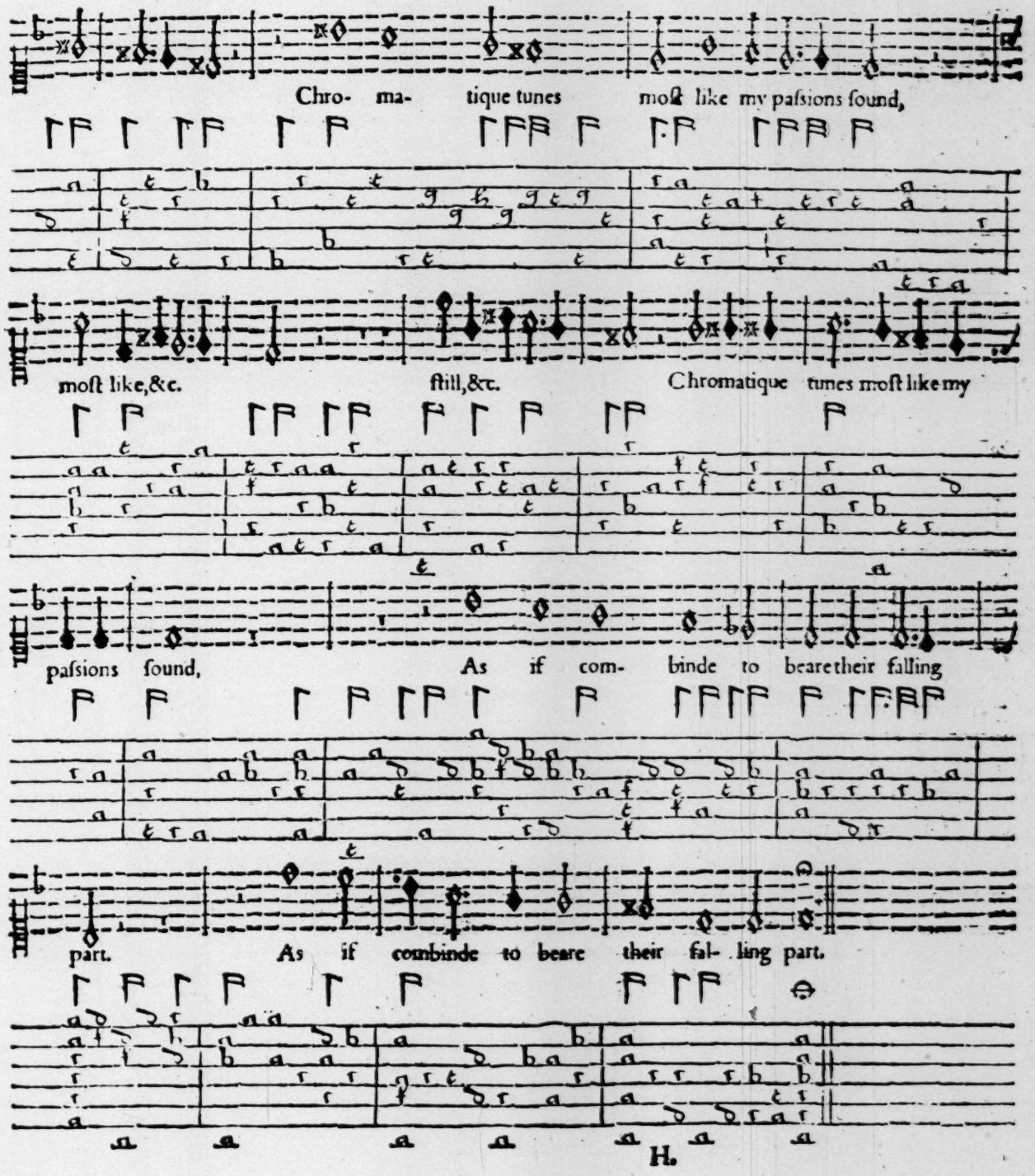
tunes moſt like my paſsions ſound, Chro- matique tunes moſt like,

moſt like my paſsions ſound. moſt like,&c. ſtill like,&c.




NO,let Chromatique Tunes harſh without ground,
Be ſullayne Muſique for a Tuneleſſe hart:

Chromatique Tunes moſt lyke my paſsions ſound,
As if combynd to beare their falling part.



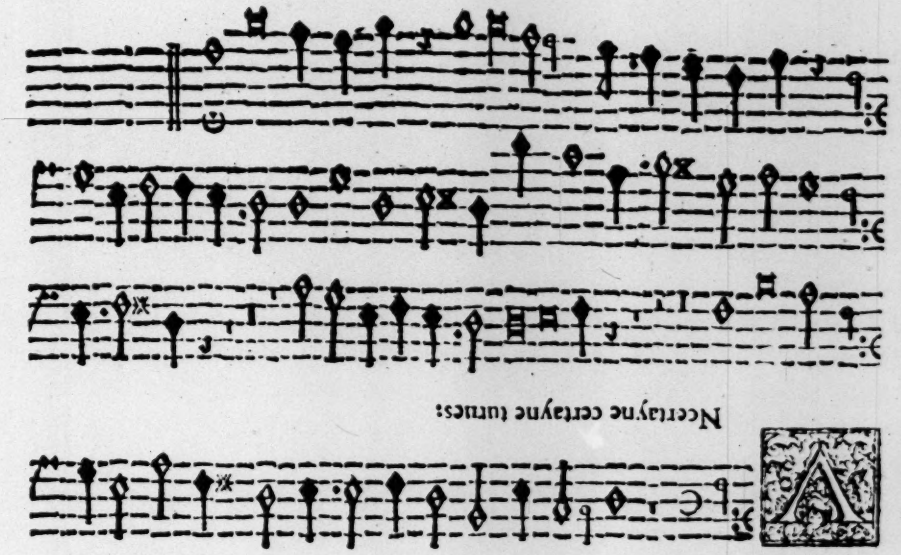
V N- certaine certaine turnes, of thoughts fore-

caſt, of thoughts fore- caſt, Bring backe the

ſame, then dye and dy- ing laſt. then dye and dy- ing laſt.

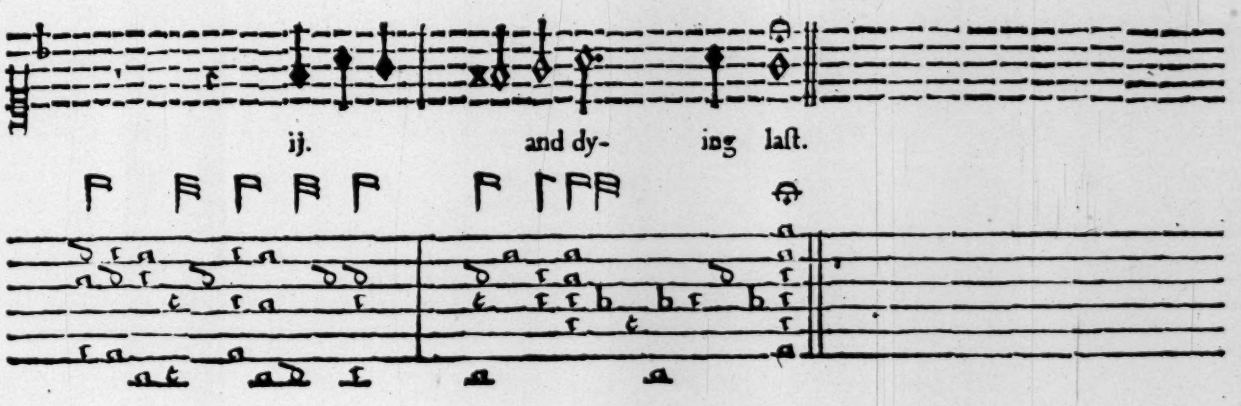
Bring backe the ſame, then dye, then dye and dy- ing laſt. then dye and dy- ing,

and dy- ing laſt. and dying laſt. ij.




VNcertaine certaine turnes, of thoughts foreeaſt,

Bring backe the ſame, then dye and dying laſt.



Yes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's
Cloth thee my hart, with blacke darke thoughts and thinke but

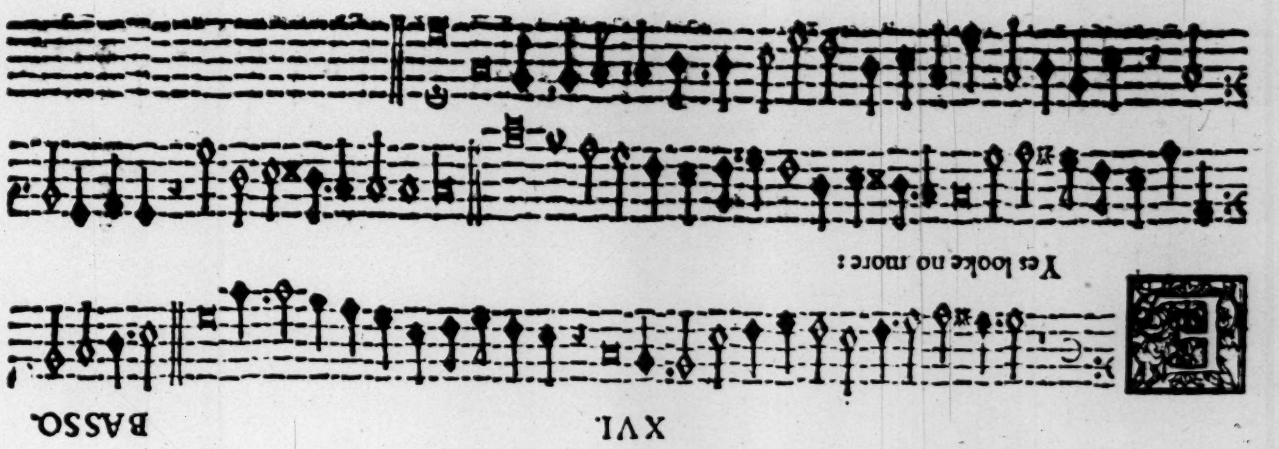
worth the ſight? Eares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true de-
of deſ- paire, Si- lence locke vp my words and skorne theſe I- dle ſounds of

llght. Thinke, thinke, Glo-ry, Honour, Ioyes, De- lights, Contents,
ayre. But, but Sorrow, Griefe, Af- flicti- on, and Deſpaire,

are but the emp- tie re- ports, Of vna- pro-pri- ed termes that breath inuents, not knowing
theſe are the things that are ſure, And theſe we feele not as con- ceits in th'aire, but as the

what it im- ports.
ſame we en- dure.
Ioyes, Delights and Pleaſures in vs hold
Ioyes, Delights and Pleaſures makes griefe to

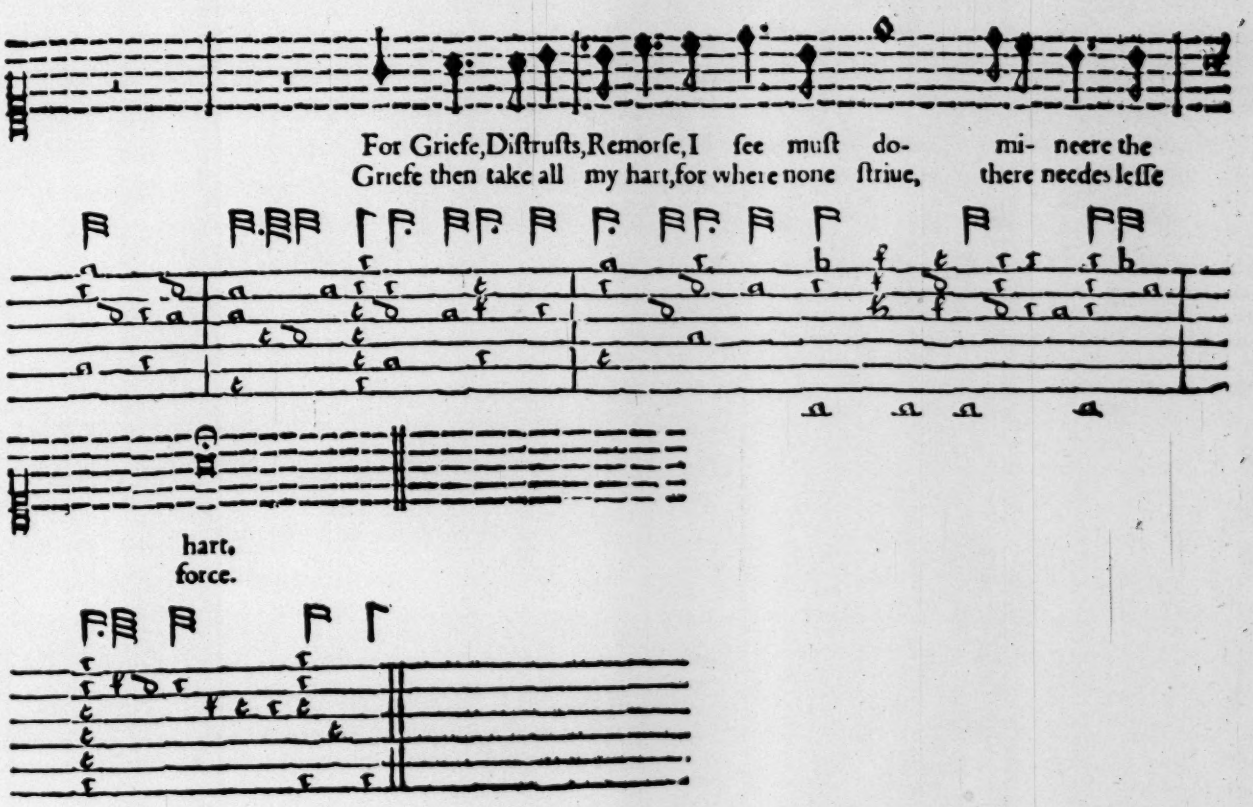
ſuch a doubt- full part, As if they were but thrall, and thoſe were all in all,
ti- ra-nize vs worſe, Our mirth brings but diſtaſtes for nought delights and laſtes,

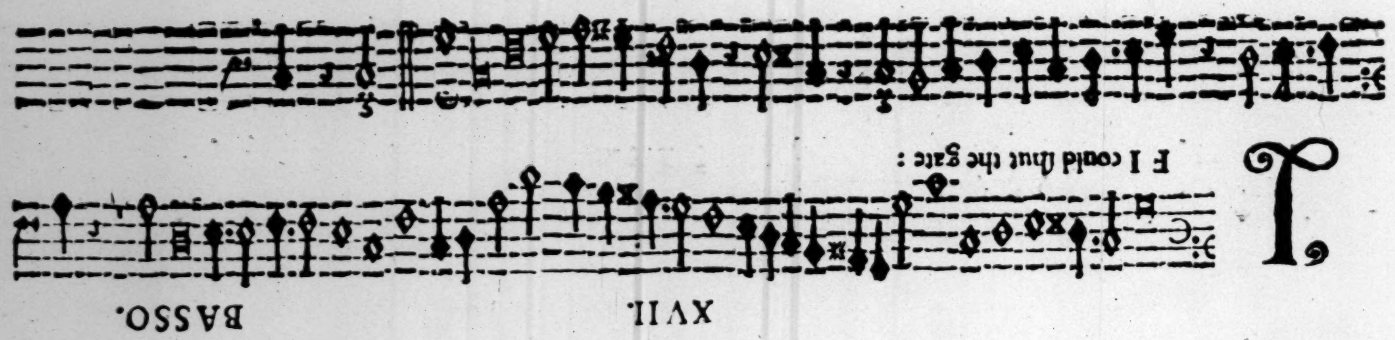



EYes looke no more,for what hath all the earth that's worth the ſight?
Eares heare no more,for what can breath the voyce of true Delight?
Cloath thee my hart,with darke black thoughts,and think but of diſpaire,
Silence lock vp my words,and ſcorne theſe Idle ſounds of Ayre.

Thinke Glory,Honour,Ioyes,Delights,Contents,
Are but the emptie reports
Of vnappropried termes that breath inuents,
Not knowing what it imports.
But Sorrow,Griefe,Affliction,and Diſpaire,
Theſe are the things that are ſure,
And theſe wee feele not as conceyts in th'ayre,
But as the ſame wee endure.

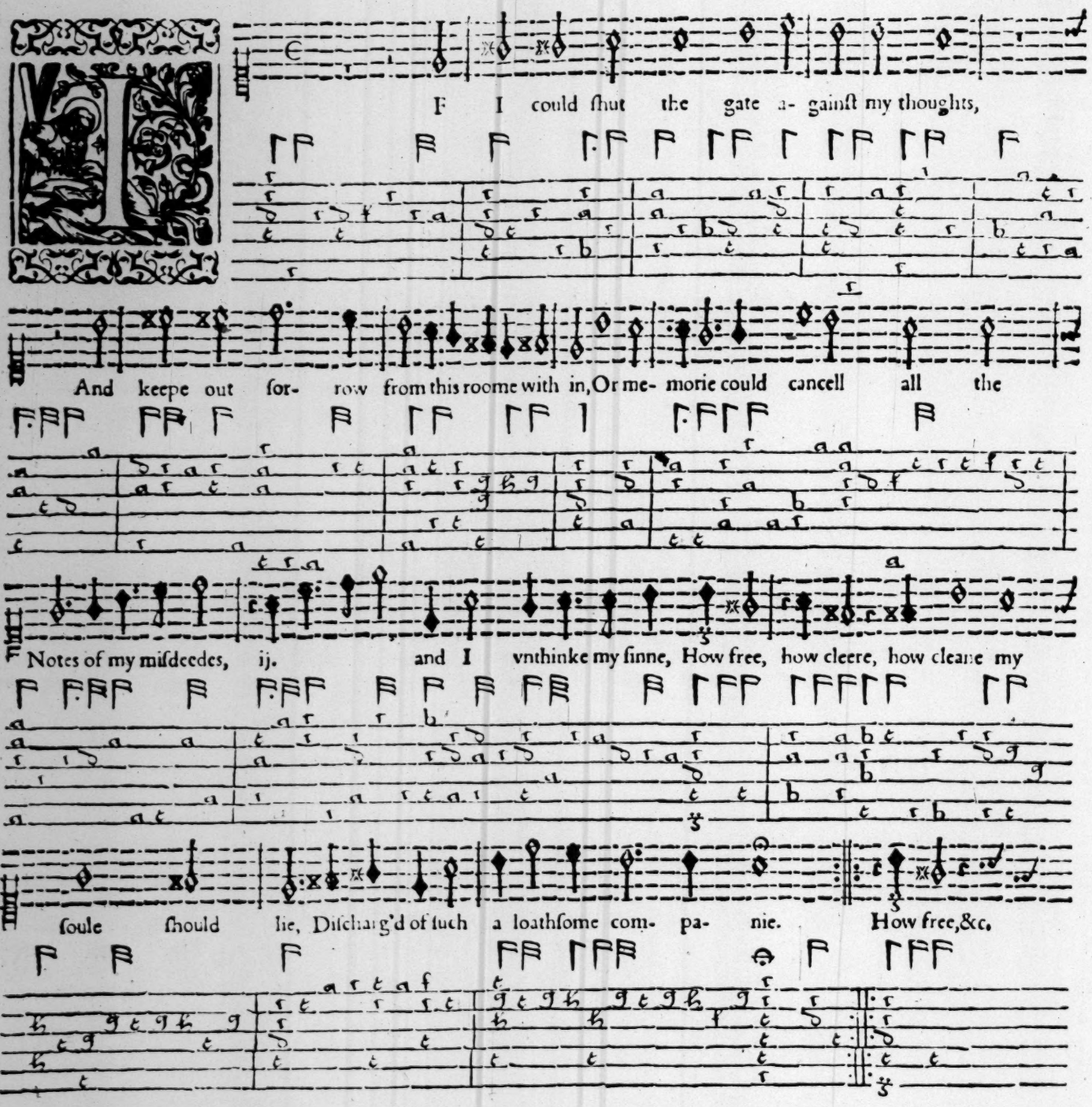
Ioyes,delights,and pleaſures in vs hould ſuch a doubtfull part,
As if they were but thrall,
And thoſe were all in all,
For Griefes,Diſtruſts,Remorce,I ſee muſt domineere the hart.
Ioyes,Delights,and Pleaſures,makes griefe to tiranize vs worſe,
Our mirth brings but diſtaſtes:
For nought delights and laſtes,
Griefe then take all my hart,for where none ſtriue there needs leſſe force.






XVII. BASSO.

XVII. CANTO.



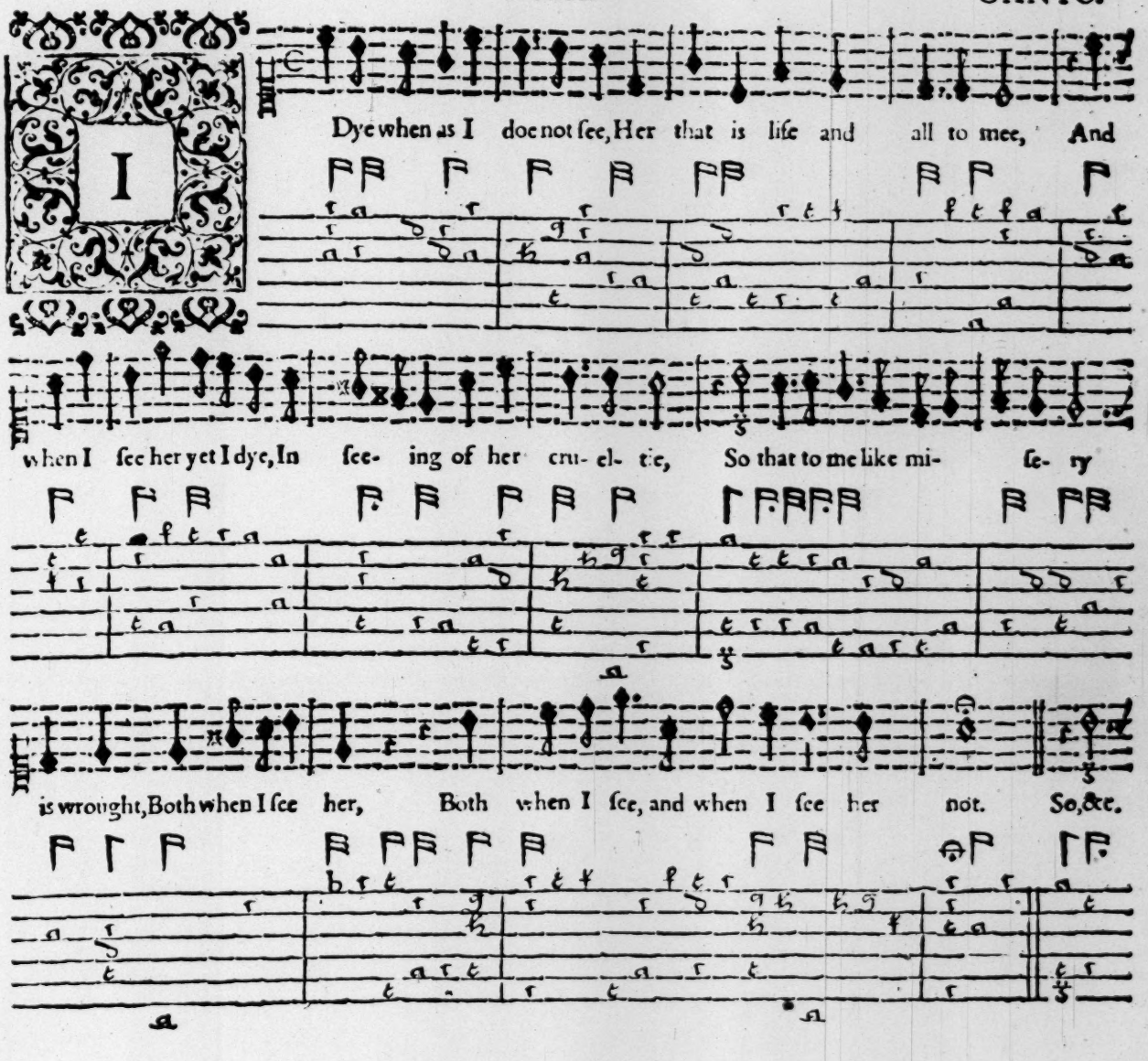

IF I could shut the gate against my thoughts,
And keepe out sorrow from this roome with-in:
Or memory could cancell all the notes,
Of my misdeeds and I vnthink my sinne,
How free, how cleare, how cleane my soule should lye,
Discharg'd of such a lothsome company.

Or were there other roomes with-out my hart,
That dyd not to my conscience joyne so neare,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin a-part,
That I might not their claim'rous crying heare.
What peace, what Ioy, what ease should I possesse,
Free'd from their horrors that my soule oppresse.

But O my Sauiour, who my refuge art,
Let thy deare mercies stand twixt them and mee:
And be the wall to seperate my hart,
So that I may at length repose mee free:
That peace, and Ioy, and rest may be within,
And I remaine deuided from my sinne.

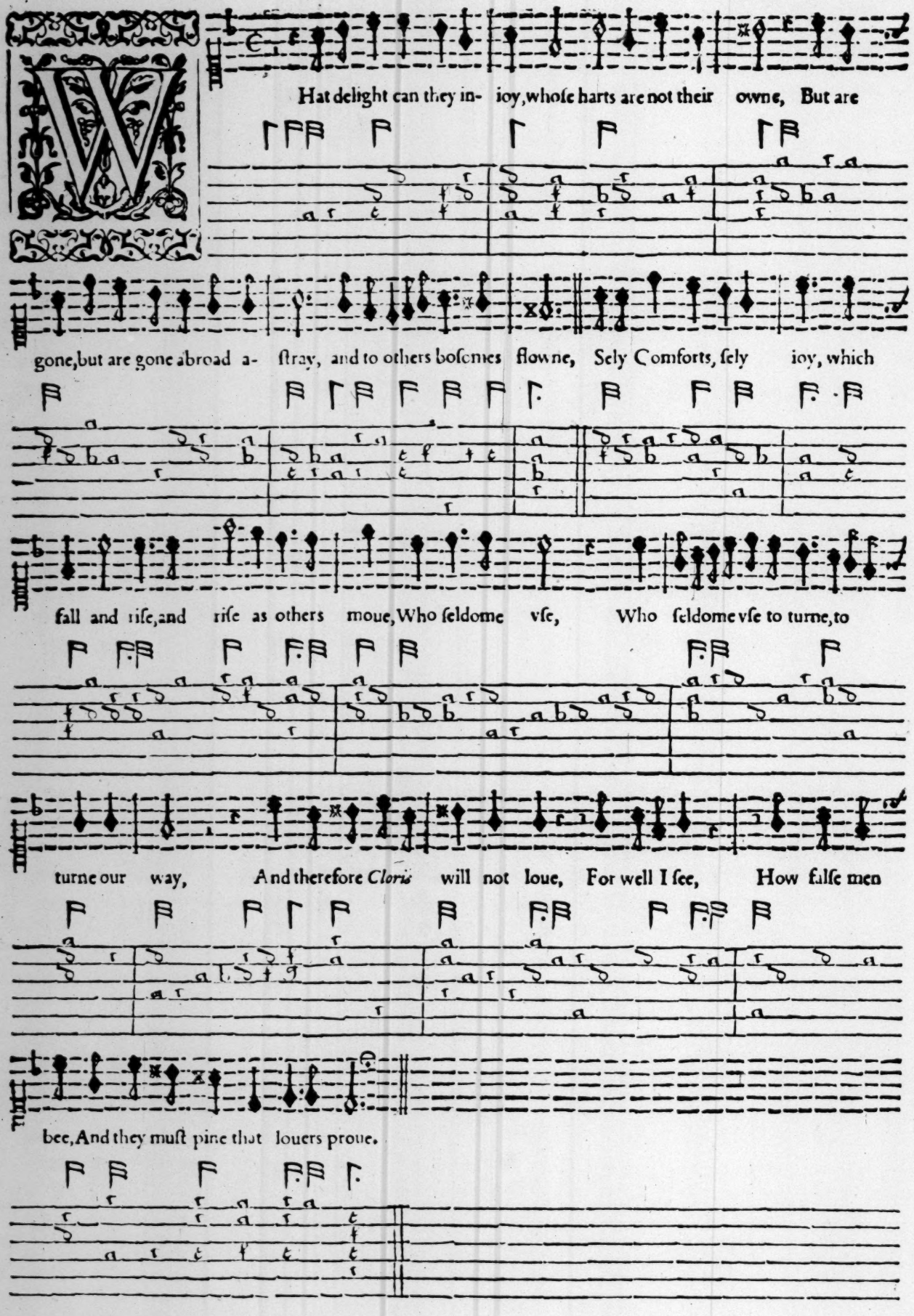
Dye when as I doe not see:






IDye when as I doe not see
Her that is lyfe and all to mee:
And when I see her yet I dye,
In seeing of her crueltie:
So that to mee like miserie is wrought,
Both when I see and when I see her not.

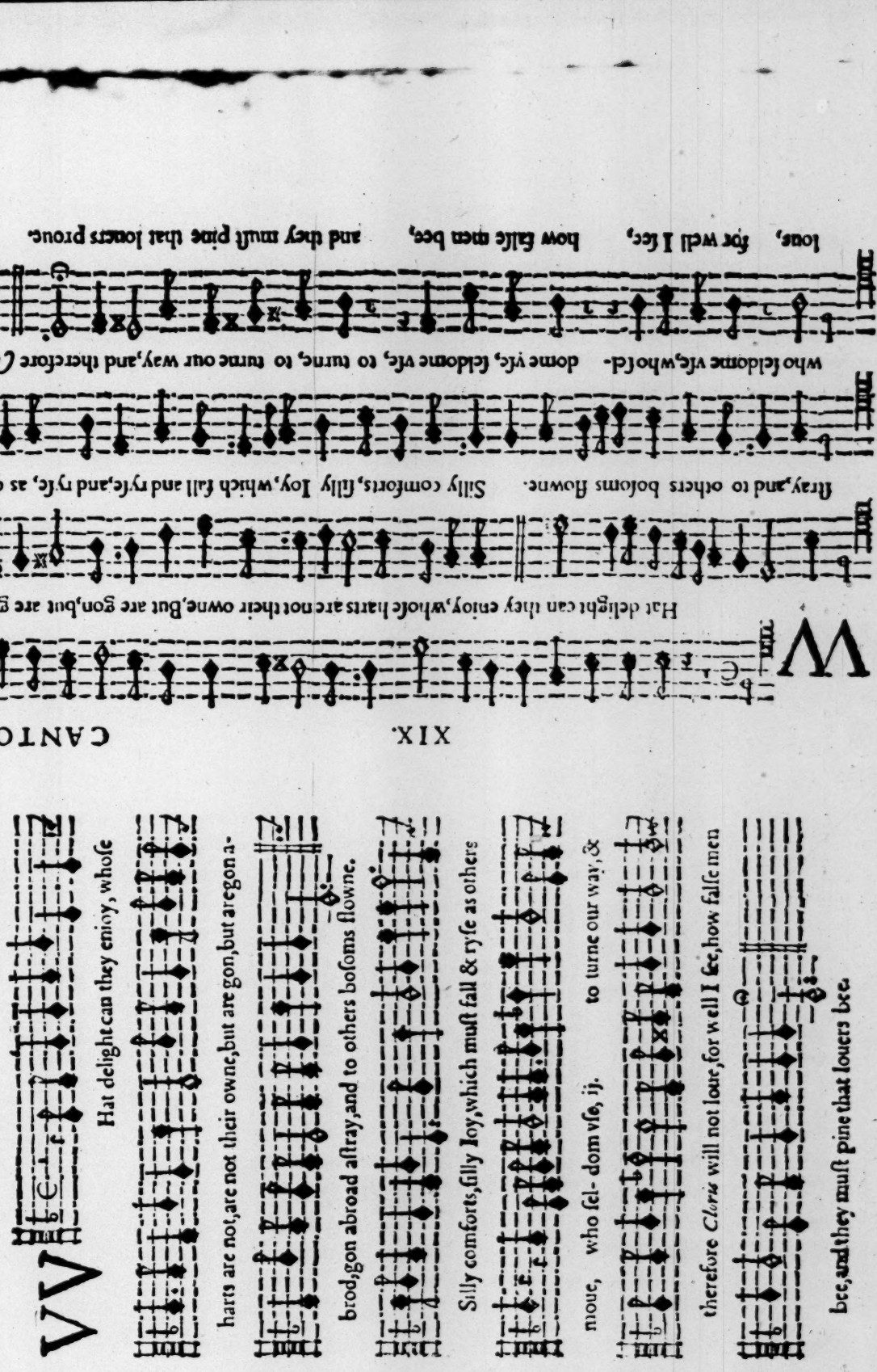
Or shall I speake or silent greeue,
Yet who will silencie releeue:
And if I speake I may offend,
And speaking not, my heart will rend:
So that I see to mee it is all one,
Speake I or speake I not, I am vndone.




What delight can they enioy,
Whose harts are not their owne?
But are gon abroade astray,
And to others bosomes flowne.

Seely comforts, seely Ioy,
Which fall and ryse as others moue,
Who seldome vse to turne our way,
And therefore *Cloris* will not loue:
For well I see,
How false men bee,
And let them pyne that Louers proue.

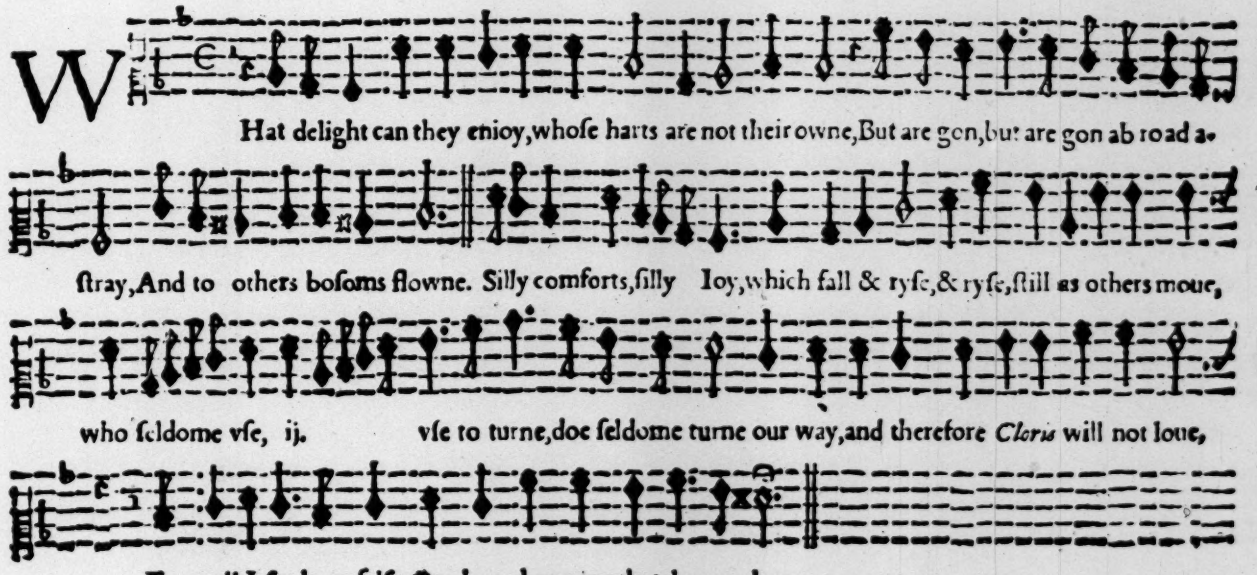
XIX. BASSO.




XIX. CANTO Secundo.



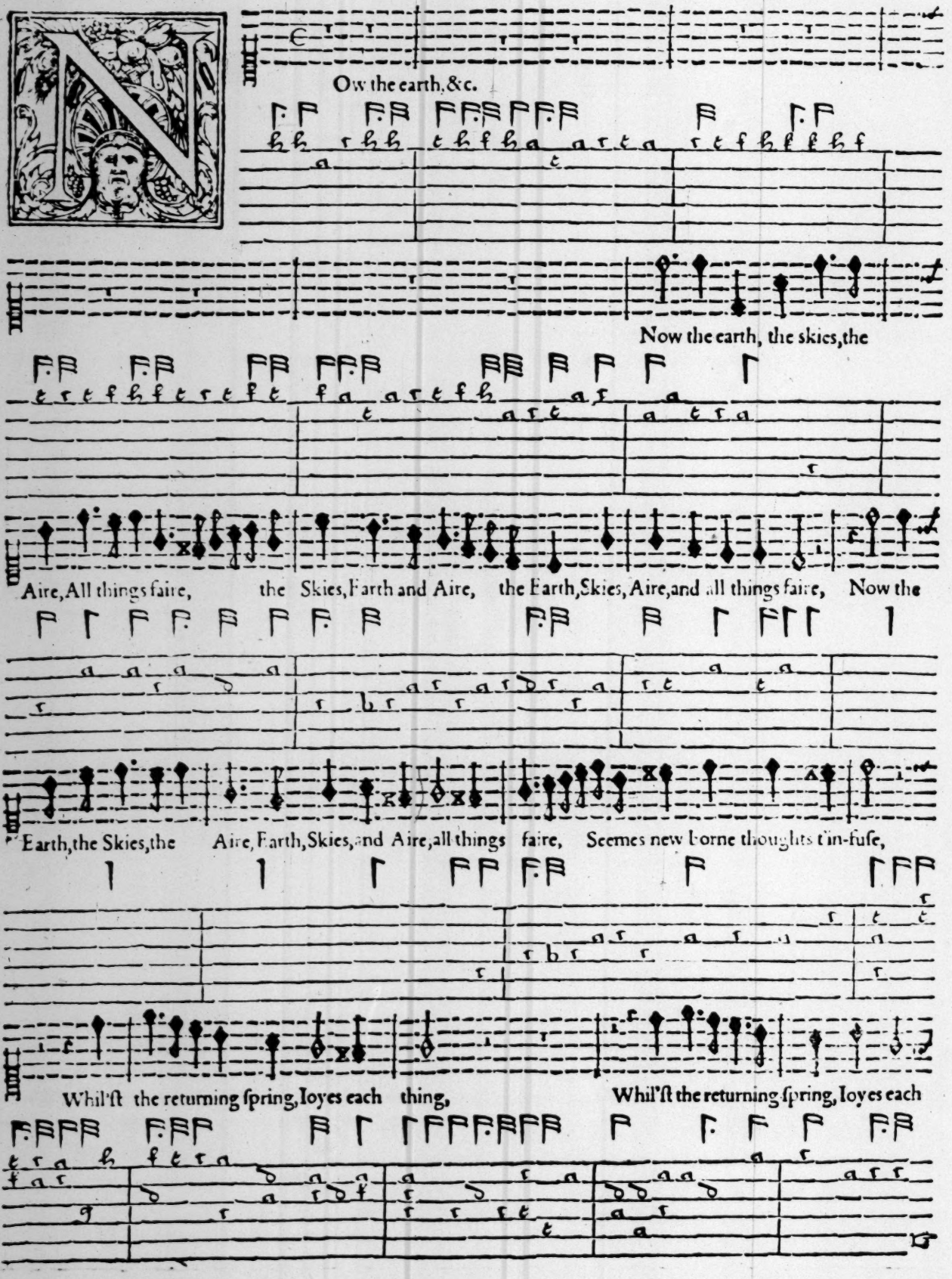

XIX. ALTO.



XX. TENORE.

Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre,
All things fayre, the Earth, the Skies, the
Aire, all things faire, all faire,
Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuſe, Whilſt
the returning ſpring, loyes each thing, it.
the ſpring ioyes each

XX. CANTO Primo.



XX. BASSO.

Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre,

All things faire, the Skies and all things faire,

Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuſe,

Whilſt the re- tur- ning ſpring

Ioyes each

XX. CANTO Secundo.

A direction for the tuning of the Baſe Lute.

E la mi
B fa b mi
G ſol re vt
D ſol re
Gam vt
Double D ſol re
Double C fa vt

Now the earth, &c.

Now the Earth, the Skies the Aire, the Skies, the Aire, Now

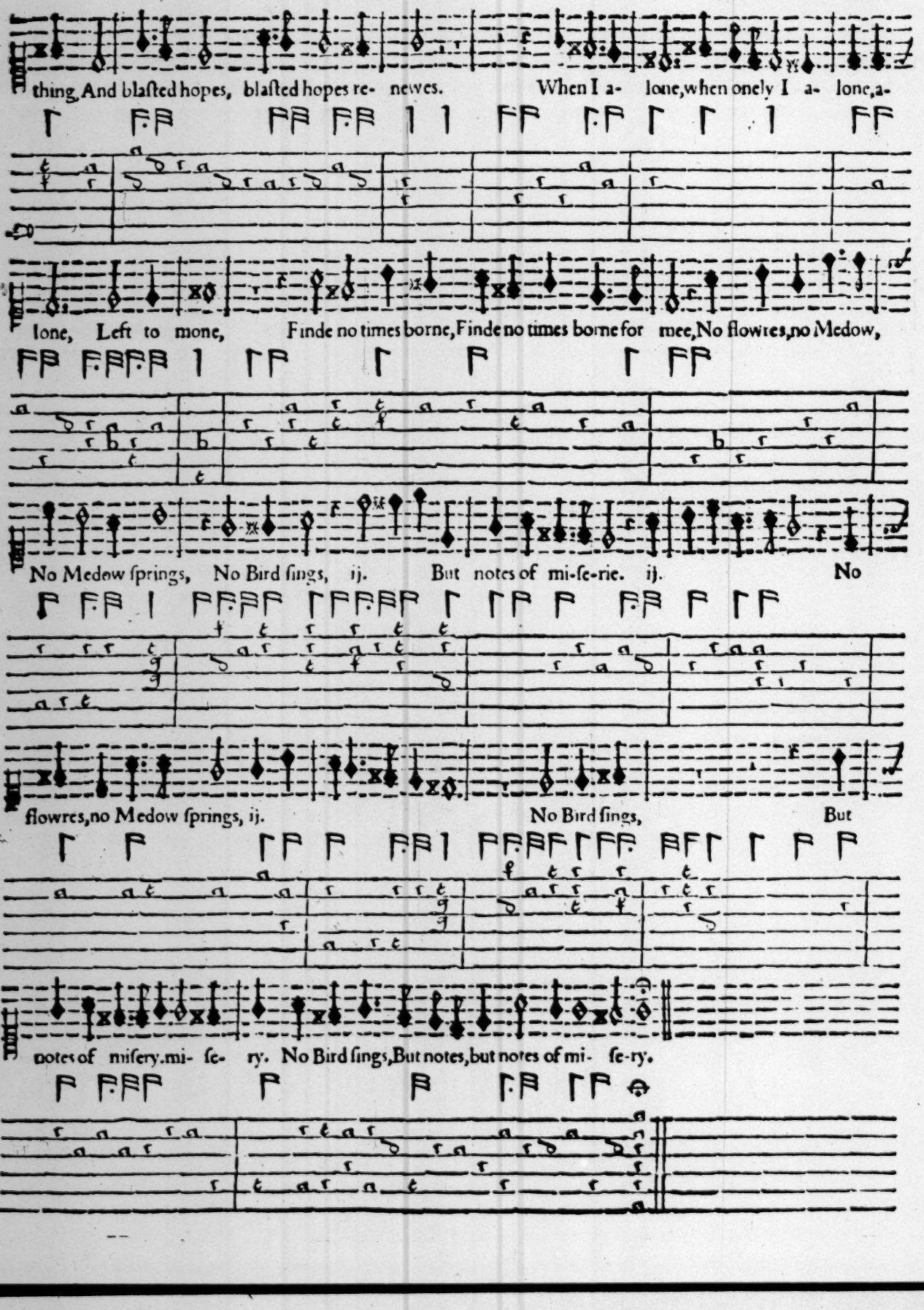
the Earth, Skies, Aire and all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'in- fuſe,

Whil'ſt the returning ſpring Ioyes each thing, the ſpring that ioyes each

XX. TENORE.

thing, And blasted hopes, blasted hopes renewes, When onely I alone onely, I alone, Left all a-
lone to mone, Finde no times borne for me, finde no times, finde no times borne for me, No flowrs, no me-
dow, no flowrs, no medow springs, No Bird sings, But notes of misery, of misery. No
flowres, no Medow, no flowres, no Medow springs, No Bird sings, ij. But notes of mise-ry.
But notes of misery, but notes, but notes of misery.

XX. CANTO Primo.



XX. BASSO.

thing, & blasted hopes renewes: Onely I alone,

I a- lone, left to mone, finde no times born,

finde no times borne for me, No flowres, no flowrs,

no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of

misery. ij. No flowres, no flowrs,

no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of

misery. ij. but notes of mise- ry.

CANTO Secundo.

XX.

thing, And blasted hopes re- newes, When onely I a- lone, onely I alone, When

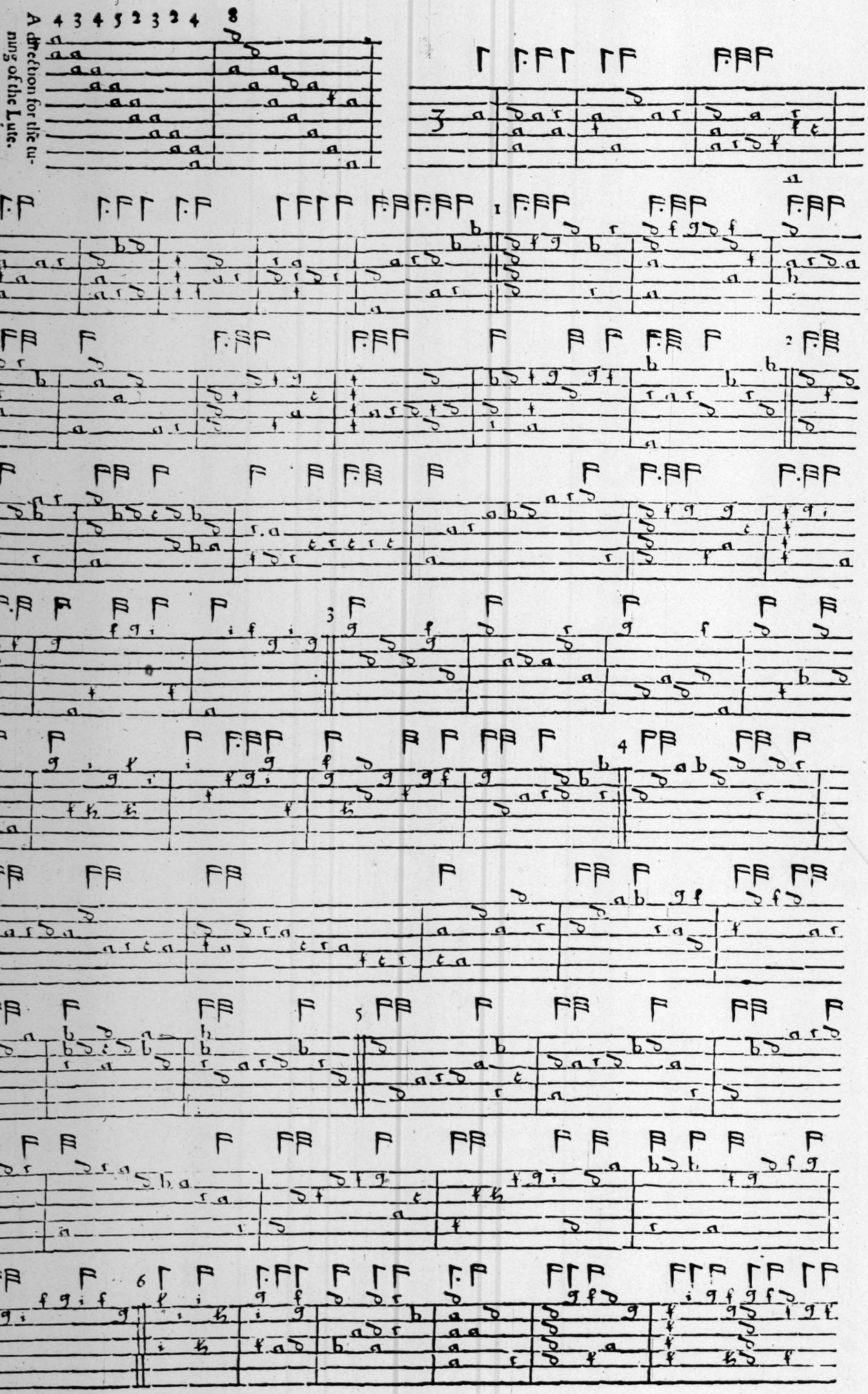
I alone, Left to mone, Finde no times born, No flowres, no Medow springs, ij.

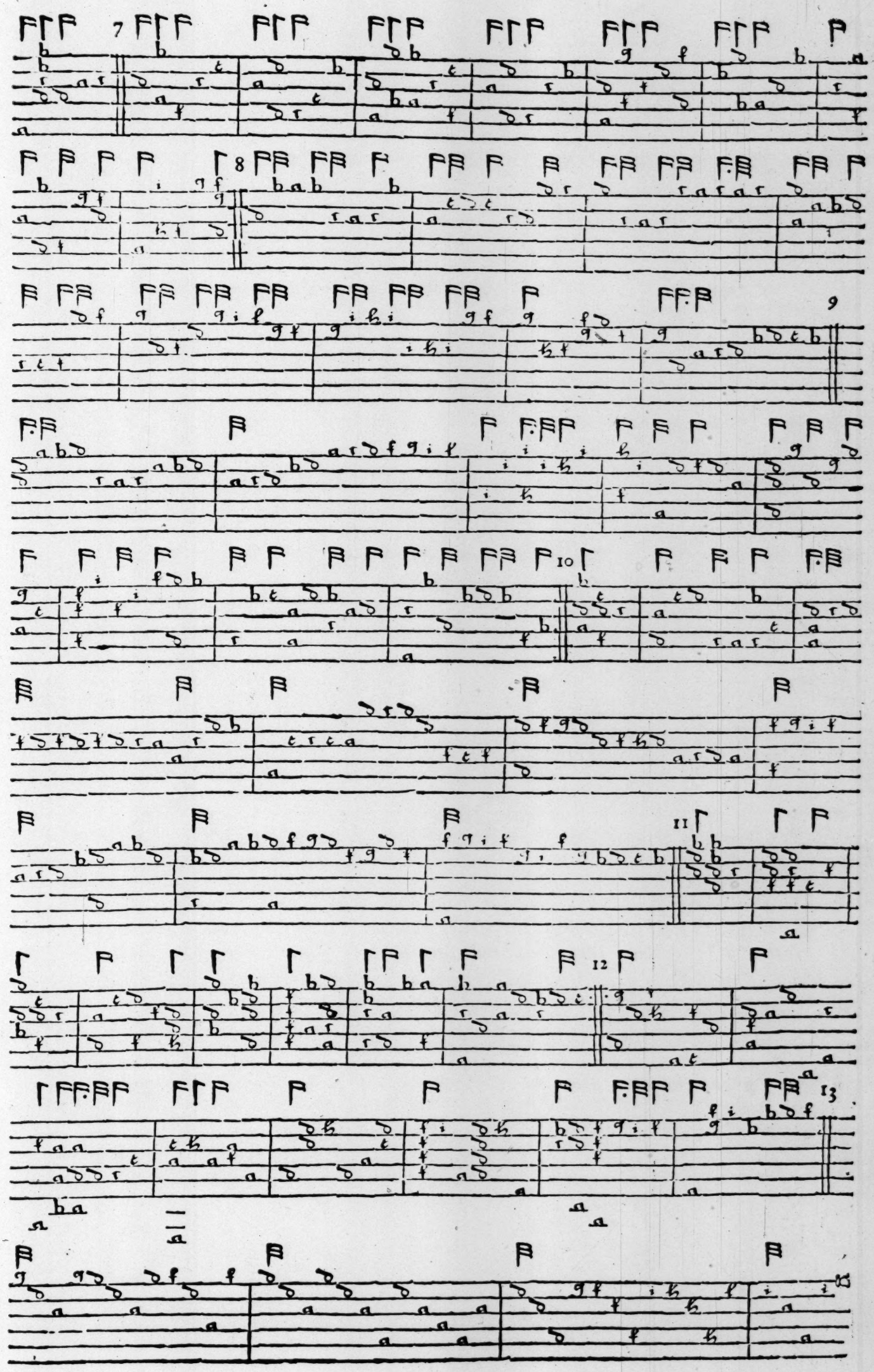
But notes of mi- se- ry, No flowres,

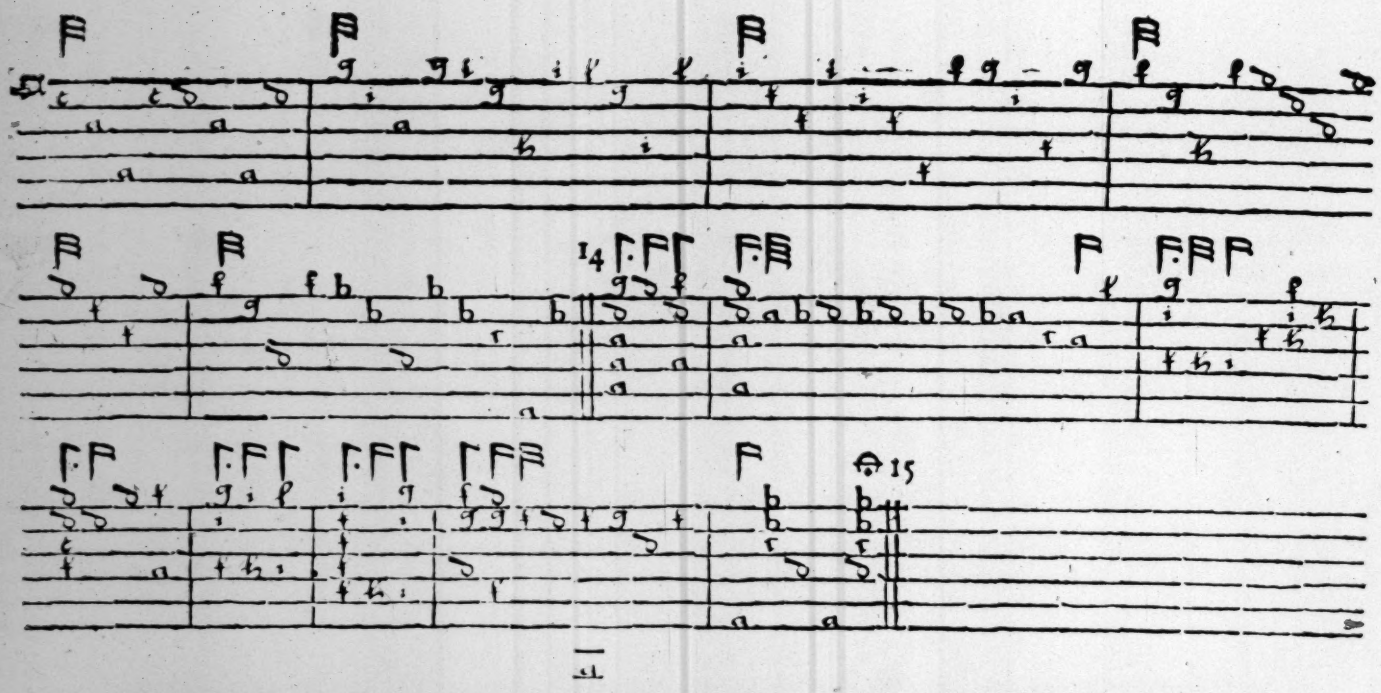
No birds sings, no Medow springs, No bird sings, but notes of mi- se- ry, ij.

No Bird sings, But notes of mi- se- ry.

## XXI. Mr *Anne Grene* her leaues bee greene.







# THE TABLE.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| GOY *Daphne* fled: | | I. |
| Thou pretie Bird: | | II. |
| Hee whoſe deſires: | | III. |
| Lyke as the Lute: | | IIII. |
| Stay cruell ſtay: | | V. |
| Doſt thou withdraw: | | VI. |
| Why canſt thou not: | | VII. |
| Tyme cruell tyme: | | VIII. |
| Griefe keepe within: | Firſt part. | IX. |
| Drop not mine Eies: | Second part. | X. |
| Haue all our paſsions: | Third part. | XI. |
| Let not *Cloris* think: | | XII. |
| Can dolefull notes: | Firſt part. | XIII. |
| No, let Chromatique tunes: | Second part. | XIIII. |
| Vncertaine certaine turnes: | Third part. | XV. |
| Eies looke no more: | | XVI. |
| If I could ſhut the gate: | | XVII |
| I dye when as I doe not ſee: | | XVIII. |
| What delight can they enioy: | | XIX. |
| Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre: | | XX. |
| Mr *Anne Grene* her leaues bee greene. | | XXI. |


FINIS.